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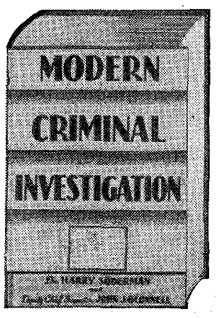

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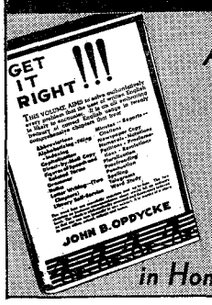

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Travel

Sun and Paper Hats

Joys and Thrills of Winter Cruises Fill Liners to Capacity

"Any winter cruise—cheap or expensive, long or short, liner or cargo-ship—can be one of two things: a few days in a floating hotel, or one long romance," Jim Marshall explains in *Collier's*.

These days, almost every liner sailing from New York on cruises to the West Indies and South America is booked to capacity. Steamship services report the best season since the peak of winter-cruise travel in 1928-'29, with gains of 15 to 100 per cent. in bookings.

"Just buy a ticket and get aboard," Mr. Marshall's *Collier's* article advises. "On a ship, if you want to, you can become part of the show. And that's a thrill, too.

"A jingle from the telegraph. A throb of life. A drift of smoke through the falling snowflakes, and the cry of gulls, wheeling on the keen winter air. The black strip of water between the ship's flank and the pier grows wider. . . . Somewhere the sun is shining, and the west wind is blowing warmly—and you're off."

Floating Hats

Midstream in the Hudson. "But what is this that floats into sight, coming down from right ahead, bobbing jauntily in the stream, showing colors that even the drab gray of the fog can not wholly dim?" Capt. David William Bone, master of the *Transylvania*, asks in "The Lion's Mouth" department of *Harper's Magazine*.

"Paper hats, drifting seaward on the ebb, of the sort that men of substance, young men, and girls are inveigled into wearing at Get-Together Dinners and Farewell Parties on the high seas aboard cruise-liners.

"Rakish paper toppers that make every man over fifty look more and more like W. C. Fields, mortar-boards for the dignitaries, Scots glengarries and high conicals for the light of spirit, bell-tippets for the jesters; and, for the ladies, these jaunty little chips in every rainbow color that can be set at a provocative angle atop the most elaborate of hair-dressing."

At sea, staid folk loosen up a bit. In *Review of Reviews*, Jo Chamberlin explains:

"The short cruise is necessarily democratic. People from economic strata heretofore considered hopeless as travel prospects can afford a ten- or twelve-day cruise, because they would spend about the same amount touring in a car across country.

"The passenger-list of any outgoing ship will reveal barbers as well as bank vice-presidents, and the incomes of some of the travelers would be as low as $15 a week, or as high as you want to go."

The American Traveler's Gazette accounts for the attraction of the Caribbean area, where many cruise-ships now go, with this outline:

"The West Indies, most popular of winter-cruising areas, reaching from the Bahama Islands, in the north, to Trinidad, in the south, and including, for the purpose of ship's itineraries, several South American and Central American ports, as well as the Panama Canal Zone, present a world of winter sunshine, and tropical islands lying in seas of turquoise-blue."

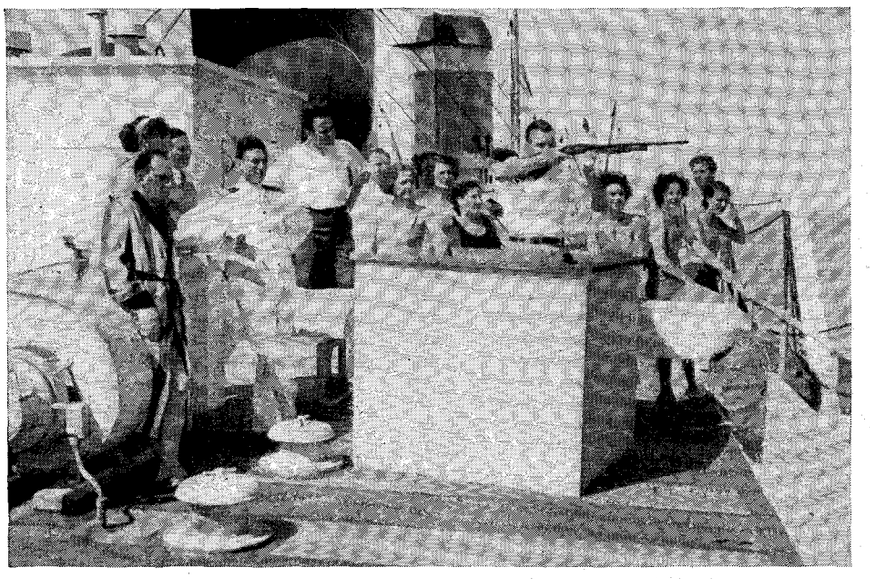
Intangible Imports

But these blissful days in the tropics must end. Let Captain Bone bring you back again. As he writes in *Harper's:*

"For a week or more you have led a carefree existence with practically every need anticipated. . . .

"But not yet the happy meeting with your friends on the other side of the pier-barriers. *Uncle Sam* has to have a word with you. In the corporate persons of shrewd Customs officers, he is interested in your purchases abroad. . . .

"But not even the most lynx-eyed of Customs officers could guess at the wealth of impressions—undeclared intangible imports—that you bring in with you as you leave the pier, and that will remain with you long after the paper hats, drifting seaward on the ebb, have soddened and gone down."



Trap-shooting on the boat-deck of the Grace Liner Santa Rosa

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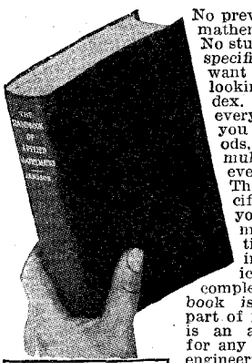

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BALANCE SHEET, DECEMBER 31, 1935

ASSETS	Per Cent	
Cash	6.04	$74,901,892.84
United States Government bonds	14.15	175,315,977.01
State, County and Municipal bonds	3.13	38,841,937.07
Canadian Government, Provincial and Municipal bonds	1.13	14,049,542.40
Other Foreign Government bonds	.05	569,233.47
Railroad, Public Utility and Industrial bonds	32.99	408,710,004.94
Preferred and Guaranteed stocks	1.87	23,176,150.00
Mortgage Loans (at cost)	19.22	238,143,421.62
Real Estate (at cost or less)	4.38	54,236,357.23
Policy Loans	14.35	177,785,418.50
Premiums in course of collection	1.32	16,404,184.08
Interest and Rents due and accrued	1.36	16,829,561.33
Cash advanced to pay claims	.01	75,884.22
Total Admitted Assets		$1,239,039,564.71

LIABILITIES AND RESERVES	
Policy Reserves	$1,072,064,612.00
Supplementary Contract Reserves	53,979,577.97
Other Policy Liabilities	19,295,853.93
Premiums, Interest and Rents paid in advance	3,761,218.56
Miscellaneous Liabilities	4,788,976.68
Reserve against Interest on Mortgage Loans overdue more than six months	1,424,754.37
Reserve for Taxes	2,942,406.06
Dividends payable in 1936	24,421,033.85
Reserve for Future Deferred Dividends	149,147.19
Special Contingency Reserve*	442,152.64
Fund for Depreciation of Securities and General Contingencies	55,769,831.46
Total	$1,239,039,564.71

**The Special Contingency Reserve represents the difference between the values carried in assets for non-amortizable bonds and for preferred stocks and the actual December 31, 1935 market quotations on such bonds and stocks.*

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 22, 1936

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Battle of the Constitution Flares

Norris in Caustic Protest Against Power of Supreme Court; Forty Bills in Congress; Action Affecting Tribunal Unlikely Before Election

Senators spied the pile of papers and books on the desk of Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska and settled back in silence. They recognized that the seventy-four-year-old progressive, and father of the TVA, was about to say something vital.

Senator Norris rose and spoke, firmly and feelingly, for two hours about farm policies, the Supreme Court, and the Constitution. There was hardly a stir in the Chamber.

"I have no doubt of its constitutionality," he said of the Administration farm bill, which the Senate passed a few days later, "but I say I frankly doubt whether it can receive the approval of the Supreme Court; but I am grasping at a straw."

The attempt to provide a substitute for the outlawed AAA had moved Senator Norris to make the most extended and caustic protest against the Supreme Court's power yet heard in Washington.

Congressional Courage

"The people can change the Congress, but only God can change the Supreme Court," he said, adding that Congress had the power to impose limitations on the judiciary "if it has the courage to do it."

Editors sprang to the defense of the tribunal.

"The Supreme Court is the people's last defense against Presidential dictatorship or political despotism in any form," said the Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.). "To limit the authority of the Court would be to change the form of the American Government. Should the Norrises of this country ever succeed in overriding the Justices of the Supreme Court, the Republic we know would have ceased to exist."

David Lawrence, who laments in his recent book, "Nine Honest Men," that the Supreme Court has become the football of partizan politics, declared in his daily syndicated column:

"The speech of Senator Norris and remarks made from time to time by other Members of Congress make it apparent that an effort is to be made if possible to punish the Supreme Court for its opinions and that the system of Government which has prevailed for nearly 135 years, whereby acts of Congress have been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, is to be transformed by the New Deal if possible. . . .

"But what the defenders of the constitutional law insist is that the New Dealers shall not try to amend the Constitution by stampeding the Supreme Court into inserting phrases in the Constitution that do not belong there."

The Detroit *News* (Ind.) considers some of the Constitution's defenders overzealous.

Intolerance Suggested

"Intolerance of change in the Federal Constitution simply because it is change," said that paper, "carries sentimental veneration for the document to the dangerous point of obscuring the purposes of the Federal Union as intended by the very men who founded it. . . .

"It is in the highest interest of the nation that proposals for change, if and when made, be received and considered as the men of 1787 would have considered them—in a spirit of sane, sober, and unsentimental practicality."

In his address, Senator Norris said: "Critics of the Court may be ridiculed and run out of polite society. That may happen to me, but I am at least traveling in mighty good company."

He referred specifically to Abraham Lincoln and the latter's criticism of the Dred Scott decision.

The same day in Indianapolis, Secretary of Agriculture Wallace also quoted the Emancipator, and declared:

"On occasions when it is apparent that the Supreme Court has reached decisions plainly wrong—wrong because they are in opposition to the fundamental economic and social trends of the time, or wrong because they are unjust, however legal—on such occasions, it is the duty of citizens and officers of the Government to point out the error of the Court."

Surveying the battlefield, the Baltimore *Sun* (Ind.-Dem.) concluded:

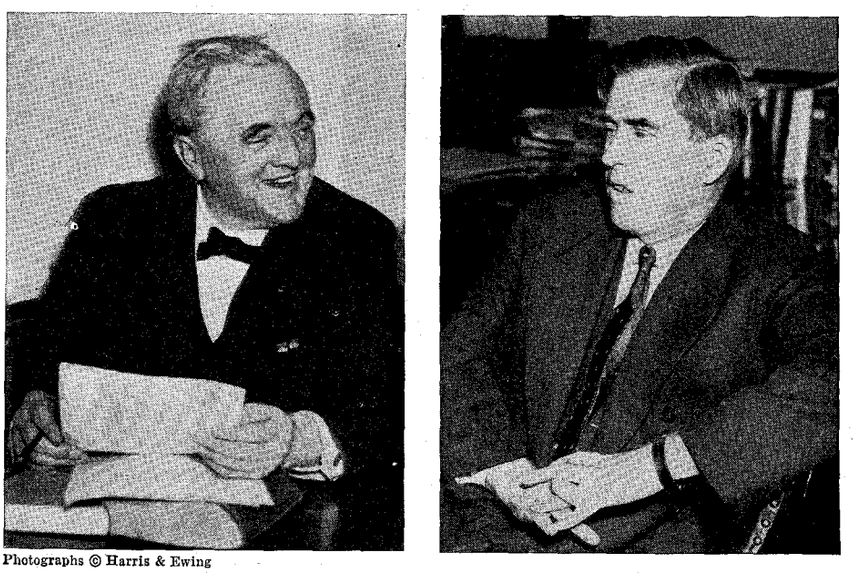
"Mr. Wallace's comments on the Supreme Court lose force because they are made by an interested party; it was Mr. Wallace's AAA that was knocked out. By the same token Mr. Roosevelt's comments are weakened; it is his Administration that is embarrassed. But Senator Norris isn't even a member of the President's Party and his political future is not involved at all. . . . And when one remembers how long Norris fought for his lame-duck Amendment, it is easy to prophesy that we have not heard the last of this."

Action Unlikely

Certainly Congress had not heard the last of it. There were some forty proposals pending in committees of both Houses which affected the Supreme Court.

Such Washington commentators as Arthur Krock and Mark Sullivan agreed that Congress was unlikely to act on them at this session.

The week's flare-up underscored the comment of the magazine *Today's* Unofficial Observer that "the fight between the judiciary and the two other supposedly coordinate branches of the Government is the most important story in Washington."



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Senator Norris and Secretary Wallace: Both criticized the Supreme Court

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New Deal Under Lincoln Day Barrage

Republicans Outline Strategy of Leading Nation Out of "Confusion"; Hoover, Vandenberg, Knox, Borah, Dickinson Busy

© Harris & Ewing

Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan says he is a "Liberal Constitutionalist"

Jovial little John Ezra McDowell has come to call thousands of Stanford graduates by their first names in his long years as Alumni Secretary. The name best known to him and to all good Stanfordites is that of an engineering student in the class of 1895—Herbert Hoover.

Last week Mr. McDowell, who is also an election official, wrote down Mr. Hoover's answers to the routine questions asked of California voters for registration.

Then Mr. Hoover departed for Portland, Oregon, to invoke the memory of Abraham Lincoln and rally voters against the New Deal.

"Fountain of Fear"

The former President, banging a clenched fist on the speakers' table and firing sharp, explosive sentences, indicted the Administration for creating confusion and "a veritable fountain of fear." Pleading for a restoration of faith in private enterprise, he declared that "a balanced budget and a stable currency will put more men to work than the whole WPA."

Mr. Hoover's host in Portland was O. L. Price, publisher of *The Oregonian* (Ind.-Rep.).

"Herbert Hoover repeated in this city his counsel to the country," said that paper, "while making that report on the state of the Union which Mr. Roosevelt in his message to Congress—and the microphone—neglected to give.

"The phraseology is ours, not that of the ex-President. If the Chief Magistrate is so bent upon self-glorification and political purpose as to forget or disregard his constitutional duty, then surely another must tell us. And who better than the only living ex-President?"

The Oregon Journal (Ind.) was less impressed by Mr. Hoover.

"The people, the plain people, whose cause he now professes to plead," it said, "know that a political campaign is in the offing. They know what Mr. Hoover is against. They inquire, 'What is Mr. Hoover for?'

"They have a well-defined answer to that question. They saw intrenched greed and privilege rock the boat in other days while Mr. Hoover was attempting to steer it. And they want no more of that."

In Portland it was seven o'clock in the evening when Mr. Hoover rose to speak above the clatter of an early dinner. In New York it was ten o'clock. Half an hour later, Eastern listeners, deprived by the radio gong of hearing the last two minutes of Mr. Hoover's speech, could twirl their dials and hear more along the same line.

Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, Republican, of Michigan, was loosing his oratory in New York City. His mouth-filling phrases carried over the air to 3,000 other Lincoln Day dinners.

The Michigan Senator, a self-styled "liberal constitutionalist" (he defined a liberal as a "fundamentalist who declines to be static"), recalled that he had supported President Roosevelt in his "original emergency program," but declared that the latter is now guilty of "government by decree." Like Mr. Hoover, he accused the New Deal of holding back recovery.

Coalition Suggested

Senator Vandenberg's bid to "Jeffersonian Democrats" to go along with the Republicans revived talk of a possible coalition Cabinet if the New Deal is defeated in November.

Senator Vandenberg has said that he is not a candidate. Others have been less reticent. Col. Frank Knox entered the Republican race officially by filing in Illinois just before he went to Boston to renew his attacks on the New Deal. Senator Borah extended his primary fight to California and pledged party regularity in confidence that he would be the Presidential nominee.

Senator L. J. Dickinson, Iowa Republican, also on the list of Presidential possibilities, joined the Lincoln Day barrage by declaring in Greensboro, North Carolina, that the New Deal is "socialism."

Noting the traditional call upon Lincoln by Republicans, just as the Democrats turn to Jefferson, the Baltimore *Sun* (Ind.-Dem.) remarked:

"One of the qualities which is sometimes cited as particularly Lincolnian is tolerance and patience, but such virtues seem little to concern most of the neo-Abrahams now volunteering for the task of leading us out of the wilderness.

"As the shade of Lincoln is ferociously enlisted for yeoman service in behalf of a balanced budget, no traffic with chiselers, a high protective tariff, a Navy second to none and the sales tax, it becomes almost impossible to remember that Lincoln was the author, among other things, of the remarkable phrase, 'With malice toward none, with charity for all.'"

Ickes-Talmadge Cross-Fire

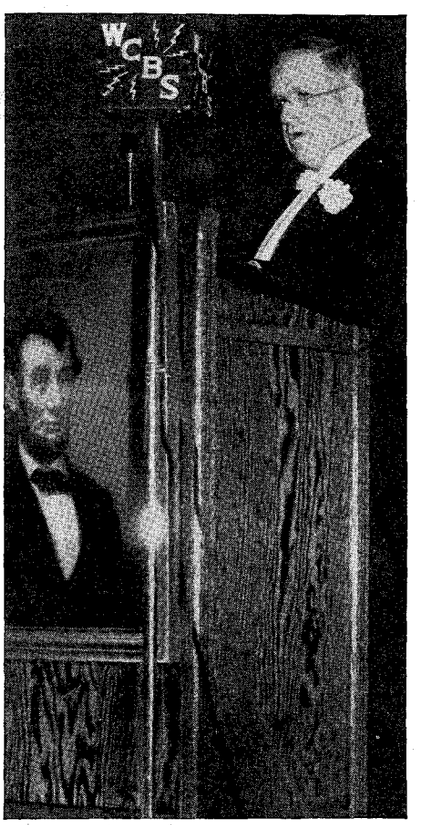
The spirit and character of Abraham Lincoln were debated by rival political partizans last week.

While spellbinders all over the country were squaring him against or for the Administration, his name was sounded in Springfield, Illinois, by two Democrats of diverse views on the New Deal: Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes and Gov. Eugene Talmadge of Georgia. They met on the same platform. One declared Abraham Lincoln to be President Roosevelt's prototype. The other insisted that Roosevelt was Lincoln's antithesis.

Ickes—blunt nose, high brow, clipped speech—drew a parallel between the dead President and the living.

Honest Abe, he said, like the Chief Executive, had been accused of undermining the Constitution, because he freed the slaves.

Mr. Ickes, who recently took part in a sprightly verbal exchange with Governor Talmadge, was speaking in reply to the speech of the fiery, red suspender-snapping



Secretary Ickes compared President Roosevelt to President Lincoln—

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Chief Executive of Georgia. Many times has Governor Talmadge voiced his disapproval of President Roosevelt.

On this occasion he was in rare form. Stating that Lincoln would never have approved the "wild orgies" of spending, "oppressive taxation," and other policies that, he charged, marked the Rooseveltian régime, he declared:

"Would that we had a man like Lincoln in the White House to-day. If we did, we would never allow a brain-trusters' creed to teach the doctrine that you can boondoggle your way back to prosperity."

Commenting on Secretary Ickes' speech, the Portland *Evening Express* (Rep.) says: "If Mr. Ickes believes that Mr. Roosevelt is another Lincoln, there would be little use in arguing with him.

Sacrilege Charged

"Such a claim in the opinion of most of our citizens . . . will be thought little less than blasphemy and sacrilege. The great Lincoln's guiding principles were not an artificial tinkering with the economic order; not an arrayal of class against class; not a flippant and contemptuous disregard for the character of the liberty he had sworn to defend. . . .

"To compare the increases of the public debt under Lincoln and Mr. Roosevelt is to compare boondoggling with the Civil War to preserve the Union. . . ."

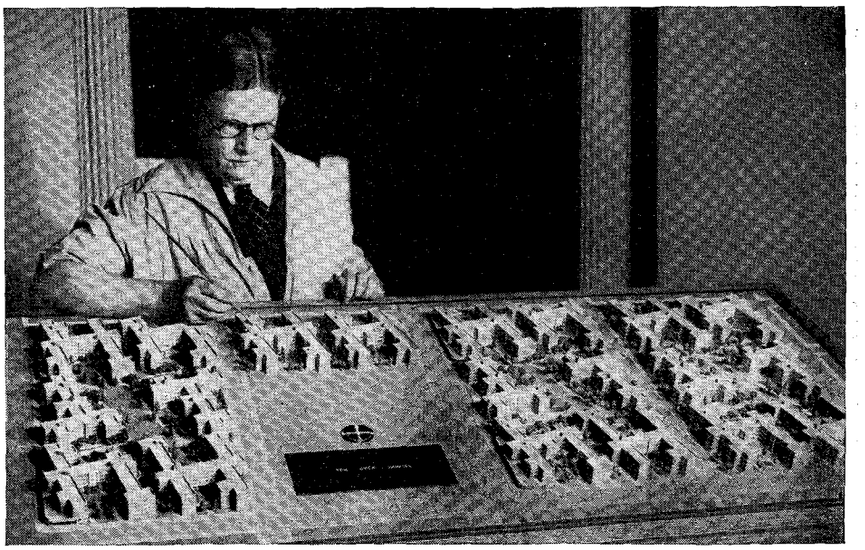
Somewhat more kindly is the Milwaukee *Journal* (Ind.), which said: "The best thing about Mr. Ickes' speech is that there is so much of Lincoln in it—so much quotation of Lincoln and so much that is incontrovertibly true of him."

The Chicago *Journal of Commerce* (Ind.), however, is frankly sarcastic about both Ickes' speech and that of Talmadge.

"Boiled down," it states, "there was no debate on real Lincoln parallels. There could not be in the circumstances. The so-called 'debate' was merely a battle of ''tis-'tain't,' with little rime or reason."

Buttressing the Housing Campaign

Washington Conference Sets Plans Afoot for Long-Range Program to Encourage Building Boom; British Example an Incentive



© International

A. R. Clas, of the PWA, examining the model of a project which will wipe out twelve square blocks of New York City slums, for the benefit of 1,600 families

In Great Britain housing is credited with dragging that country out of its economic doldrums. America's tackling of the housing problem has not yet produced such happy results.

Albert Mayer, in an article "Can We Have a Housing Program?" in *The Nation*, liberal weekly, tried to explain what was wrong with our program.

"The Administration," he wrote, "has never visualized housing as a central issue of vital importance in the life of the people, but only as one of many unrelated sources of emergency employment.

"The lack of first-rate housing minds to think a program through. . . . The various isolated agencies which were created nullified one another's purposes. . . . Housing has been so harried for instantaneous results that it never got started. . . ."

Last week President Roosevelt sat in conference with Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury; Peter Grimm, special Housing Adviser to the Treasury Department, and Senator Robert F. Wagner, author of a new housing bill.

Wagner Determined

Tho no definite program was evolved at the conference, Senator Wagner proceeded with his plan to introduce a housing bill "at an early date," stating that the President was determined upon such legislation before Congress adjourned.

Indications were that it would be a program requiring little direct outlay from the Federal Treasury this year, but enough to start a long-range program which would include low-cost housing and some form of slum-clearance.

It was almost certain that it would not be a strictly Federal program, that the projects would be initiated by local communities, that private industry would be encouraged and protected "in every reasonable way" from Federal competition.

"If the terms of these proposals are at present rather nebulous," the Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.) remarked, "the plan to decentralize governmental housing activities and encourage private initiative is thoroughly sound. The remarkable building boom in Great Britain has been a substantial factor in industrial recovery and yet it has been achieved with a minimum of official regulation and subsidies. . . .

"Great Britain has shown that the way to encourage building is not for the Government to enter into competition with its citizens, but to support private agencies."

Wide World

—while others looked, dozed, listened: (left to right) *Governor Horner of Illinois; W. C. Hurst, a sponsor of the meeting; Governor Talmadge; the Rev. Edwin G. Sandmeyer*

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Special Poll of Clergymen on New Deal

More Than 21,000 Ballots, Listed in State-by-State Tabulation, Give the Answer of America's Churchmen as to Their Attitude Toward Administration Acts and Policies

What the clergymen of America think of the New Deal to-day is shown in the table on this page—the results of a special poll supplementing THE LITERARY DIGEST'S great 10,000,000-ballot poll, of which the final report was published in the January 18 issue.

More than 21,000 clergymen, representing every denomination and every State in the Union, participate in this canvass of opinion. Their votes reveal how the New Deal stands to-day with the country's Churchmen.

As in the main poll, they were asked to vote by secret ballot on the question: "Do you NOW approve the acts and policies of the Roosevelt New Deal to date?"

The Percentages

Of the 21,606 who responded, 15,172 vote "no" and 6,434 vote "yes."

The negative percentage—70.22—is almost 8 per cent. higher than that of the main poll. Only 29.78 per cent. of the clergymen vote "yes," whereas in the 10,000,000-ballot poll the favorable percentage was 37.06.

Another way of showing the results is to point out that more than seven clergymen out of ten are opposed to New Deal policies to-day.

In THE LITERARY DIGEST Poll of 1934, on the same subject, 13,513 churchmen approved the New Deal, while a minority of 11,346 opposed it.

Analysis of the figures by States shows only Alabama, Mississippi, and South Carolina clergymen giving a majority for New Deal policies. In the 10,000,000-ballot poll twelve States were favorable.

Letters received by THE DIGEST show the conflict of political opinion among the country's churchmen. There is much praise for THE DIGEST for conducting the poll. Also there is criticism, to which THE DIGEST is glad to give expression.

Clergy's Views

"I think," writes a clergyman in Vernon, New York, "that the question, unwittingly, no doubt, is unfair. Two years ago, or even six months ago, this would not have been true, but at the present time, because of the unfavorable decisions of the Supreme Court, it elicits misleading answers. It now amounts to asking whether or not the voters are opposed to the Supreme Court.

"If I vote 'yes,' I feel that I am repudiating the Supreme Court; if I vote 'no' I am repudiating a Chief Executive who has stedfastly sought to close the new avenues of oppression which have been opened by modern economic expansion. Thus I am loath to vote either way.

"To me the total 'yes' vote represents those people who resent the action of the Supreme Court; whereas the 'no' vote contains a great many in favor of the New Deal, but in harmony with the Constitution, or at least in accord with changes made in a constitutional manner.

"Render honor to the Supreme Court which insists that the War on the Depression shall be conducted according to the rules; render honor to Franklin D. Roosevelt, who agrees, but also insists that it shall be waged to a successful conclusion."

A Milwaukee clergyman who returns his ballot unmarked explains:

"I certainly would not put a cross in the 'no' square because THE LITERARY DIGEST would interpret it as a vote in favor of a definitely reactionary movement.

"And I could not put a cross in the 'yes' square because that would indicate complete agreement with all that President Roosevelt has done and favored."

"I voted for Mr. Hoover," writes a St. Louis clergyman. "At present I would vote for Mr. Roosevelt, altho I do not approve of all of his policies and acts."

Here is the view of a Buffalo clergyman:

"For such as those to whom all things are either white or black, the poll on New Deal policies may offer satisfactory opportunity to 'stand up and be counted.'

"Such persons constitute the most violent-tempered, and certainly not the most intelligent element of the community.

The Mass-Mind

"To answer 'yes' or 'no' to your question seems to me quite impossible save for those who are so partizan in their loyalties, or so volatile in their enthusiasms, that their opinions do not count where guidance is sought.

"Those who voted for Thomas, as I did, will hesitate to fill in such a ballot at all. Certainly such of us are far from satisfied with the New Deal, but we would not want our 'no' to be interpreted as a swing to the Right."

"To get an accurate estimate of the President's popularity with the people," says a Milford, Indiana, clergyman, "it seems to me that you should ask 'Do you favor the reelection of Roosevelt in 1936?' . . . However, it is your paper and I am sure that you know better how to conduct a poll than I shall ever know."

From San Francisco comes a letter praising the poll:

"THE LITERARY DIGEST is performing a public service in conducting a special poll of the clergymen of the country. Not only does it give them an opportunity, as individuals, of expressing themselves on the great issues of the day—it also enables the public at large to obtain the views of a class of men who stand for the highest ideals in American life, and who certainly should be close to the forgotten man.

"Here, petty political considerations do not enter. Here, there is no hope of personal benefit, or selfish desire to influence the result. This poll should show what the spiritual leaders of America think, and I am sure that they appreciate this opportunity of expressing their views."

And here is a letter from a man in Oregon, who is more vehement than accurate:

"Of course your fake ballot will be overwhelmingly 'yes,' as it is intended to be.

"Then you will blazon it over the country that the ministers of the country are back of the New Deal, which in my opinion would be a deliberate misrepresentation to mislead the thoughtless voter.

"Just another political trick."

Special *Literary Digest* Nation-Wide Poll of Clergymen on Roosevelt's "New Deal" Policies Now

State	THE TOTAL VOTES RECEIVED SHOW THE FOLLOWING: Total Votes	Vote YES in Support of Roosevelt's Policies	Vote NO Against Roosevelt's Policies
ALABAMA	327	179	148
ARIZONA	57	20	37
ARKANSAS	261	89	172
CALIFORNIA	784	212	572
COLORADO	236	67	169
CONNECTICUT	276	94	182
DELAWARE	40	8	32
DIST. OF COLUMBIA	80	24	56
FLORIDA	288	72	216
GEORGIA	268	109	159
IDAHO	75	20	55
ILLINOIS	1,326	457	869
INDIANA	860	242	618
IOWA	704	208	496
KANSAS	551	147	404
KENTUCKY	484	147	337
LOUISIANA	154	67	87
MAINE	196	47	149
MARYLAND	293	62	231
MASSACHUSETTS	676	170	506
MICHIGAN	736	202	534
MINNESOTA	688	180	508
MISSISSIPPI	128	77	51
MISSOURI	632	183	449
MONTANA	116	48	68
NEBRASKA	414	113	301
NEVADA	8	3	5
NEW HAMPSHIRE	129	30	99
NEW JERSEY	607	140	467
NEW MEXICO	48	20	28
NEW YORK	1,992	483	1,509
NORTH CAROLINA	432	169	263
NORTH DAKOTA	150	40	110
OHIO	1,293	336	957
OKLAHOMA	368	117	251
OREGON	195	57	138
PENNSYLVANIA	2,090	518	1,572
RHODE ISLAND	117	33	84
SOUTH CAROLINA	160	98	62
SOUTH DAKOTA	172	61	111
TENNESSEE	406	143	263
TEXAS	619	262	357
UTAH	13	6	7
VERMONT	93	32	61
VIRGINIA	500	167	333
WASHINGTON	319	80	239
WEST VIRGINIA	340	80	260
WISCONSIN	626	226	400
WYOMING	41	14	27
STATE UNKNOWN	238	75	163
TOTALS	21,606	6,434	15,172
		29.78%	70.22%

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Armor *versus* Budgets

Limitations on Docking Facilities Affect Greater-Tonnage Drives

Armored war-ships first were used by China, in conquering Siam. The inventive Chinese covered their war-junks with raw ox-hides, thus protecting the crews from enemy arrows and stones.

To-day, steel mills can roll out armor-plate two feet thick, but, to carry such bulky protection and steam at twenty knots, a battle-ship would have to displace from fifty to sixty thousand tons. Before ordering armor-plate two feet thick, American naval constructors must know what limit the current London Naval Conference proposes to put on size and armament.

Four Powers—America, Britain, France, and Italy—are in agreement not to build, for five to six years, any cruisers, or smaller warcraft, exceeding 8,000 tons or mounting heavier than six-inch guns. But the maximum for the mightier battle-ships, backbone of fighting fleets, is a poser for admirals and ambassadors.

Building Delayed

Thus it is that the present appropriation bills for the Navy's next fiscal year can not provide, in final form, for war-ship construction. When tonnage limitation is decided, the United States is likely to build at least one battle-ship.

The Spectator (London) summarizes:

"The question of big battle-ships is not so much a question of bombs as of docks. There are very few docks that can take ships of 35,000 tons. [None larger can traverse the Panama Canal.]

"Given equal construction skill, size undoubtedly means power, but there also comes a point where it means great inconvenience and great expense. There can be little doubt that it would be very much to every one's advantage to keep the size of battle-ships down to 26,000 tons, but France has already laid down two of 35,000 tons.

"War is largely a matter of competition, and this element of competition can only be eliminated by good-will and common sense. It is very desirable to place a limit on the size of instruments of war, but it would be infinitely preferable to abolish it altogether."

But, over here, the eyes of the Navy and the naval budget-makers are on London, where plans and costs will be determined.

U. S. Navy Recruiting Bureau

Moon Unharnessed From Recovery

House Committee Halts Funds for 'Quoddy Project to Use Tidal Power; Florida Ship-Canal Appropriations Also Stopped

Acme

One of the "White House pets left out in the cold": the Florida Ship Canal

The Passamaquoddy Bay project and the Florida Ship Canal are familarly known in Washington as two "White House pets."

Last week the House Appropriations Committee, studying the Army Bill for the next fiscal year, left the two pets out in the cold for the time being when they disregarded President Roosevelt's recommendations to continue financing them.

'Quoddy dates back as far as 1920, when Dexter P. Cooper, a young engineer, worked out a $150,000,000 plan to harness the famous tides of the Bay of Fundy.

Partnership With Moon

In 1935 the plan was suddenly accepted, "largely on the ground of social desirability." The Federal Government and the moon were going to cooperate.

It was planned to spend $36,000,000. Five dams would be constructed in Passamaquoddy Bay, 14,000 feet long all together, to store forty square miles of water.

For the first year's work, $10,000,000 was allotted.

Gov. Louis J. Brann of Maine enthusiastically indorsed the project:

"One of the outstanding benefits to be derived is the great amount of employment which the construction will provide."

"We have had no more unjustifiable waste of public funds than in this case," snapped the Boston *Herald* (Rep.). "The power is not needed, it will be manufactured at excessive cost, and nobody knows what will be done with it. The general suspicion is that the President wished to sweeten up the voters of Maine so that they would be in a Democratic mood at the September election, the first important test to be held."

Last week work had begun on the construction of the dams, and the War Department was giving out its specifications for furnishings in the houses in 'Quoddy's model village to house 7,000 or 8,000 workers.

Blankets were to be all-wool, pastel green in color, comforters to be filled with duck-down, covered with sunfast, rust-colored sateen, furniture dull old-fashioned maple, colonial style. Grandfather clocks were to chime on the quarter-hour, have silver dials.

"There are some unaccountable omissions," the Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.) said acidly. "Where are the gold-plated bathtubs? And the electric elevators? . . . If a Government is going in for boondoggling *de luxe*, let it do it right."

Active plans for a canal across Florida date back even further than the harnessing of Fundy's tides. John Quincy Adams had a survey made in 1826. Not until last year was anything done about it. The Government announced the construction of a $146,000,000 free ship-canal from Jacksonville, Florida, across to Palatka.

In *Collier's*, Walter Davenport gave the canal's vital statistics:

"It will take six years to complete it. It will be 206 miles long. The right of way will be a mile wide. It will be spanned by twelve bridges, railway and highway. The canal itself will be 700 feet wide and maybe more. It will be thirty feet deep. It will extend twenty-five miles into the Gulf."

Floridians wrangled. North Florida saw in the project a list of benefits as long, Mr. Davenport says in *Collier's*, "as the road to Addis Ababa." South Florida waxed indignant. A geologic survey showed that the canal might disrupt the supply of fresh water into Southern Florida's fertile fields.

Army engineers arrived in Florida, however, and work began in September, with some 3,000 men and $5,000,000 to start.

The St. Louis *Star-Times* (Ind.) regarded the situation with equanimity.

"Both of these projects may be completed some day," it said, "but at present it appears that the House Committee, instead of breaking off with the President, has taken a white elephant off his hands in Maine, and a nest of hornets in Florida."

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Townsendism: Economic Boon or Quackery?

Proposition

Critical strictures against "The Townsend Scheme" from the National Industrial Conference Board, Inc., evoked this defense from the Washington offices of Old Age Revolving Pensions, Ltd.:

"The Conference Board's report assumes that income of the United States will remain static at the 1934 level, or, at the greatest, will not rise above the 1929 level. No such sweeping generalization can be made.

"Neither income nor business earnings are fixed, and we claim that the potential national income is limitless. We base our transactions tax on a constantly increasing national income which is, in turn, based on the vast resources of the country.

"The Board says that the sums required to pay the pensions would have to come from the millions of wage-earners. This is specious. If a man has four sons, three of whom are well off and the fourth penniless, do the wealthy three have to give part of their clothes and food to the fourth?

"No. The proper thing to do is to resort to the sewing-machine to make clothes for the fourth, and to the garden to get food for him.

"In other words, money is only the figure in the Townsend Plan; the wealth will come from the means of production.

"The Conference Board says that business concerns would go bankrupt under our plan. In the light of the business improvements that occurred under the processing taxes levied by the Government, this is entirely false.

"The cigarette tax is a good example of pyramiding that has not bankrupted a business. In some States, four or five taxes are placed on a package of cigarettes before it reaches the consumer, but no one seems to be raising a kick about it.

"Nobody seems to be able to agree on the increase that will result in consumers' goods as a result of the Townsend Plan tax: Babson says they will be increased 15 per cent., while John T. Flynn says 100 per cent.

"If the Townsend Plan is not sound, then the whole system of annuity insurance is unsound."

Sympathetic View

Those inclined to jest at Doctor Townsend and his Plan are admonished by *The Commonweal:*

"The time is surely coming when pensions will be as self-evidently necessary as wages are. The good Doctor is unwittingly preparing great masses of people, hitherto unacquainted with ideas of social insurance, with the facts.

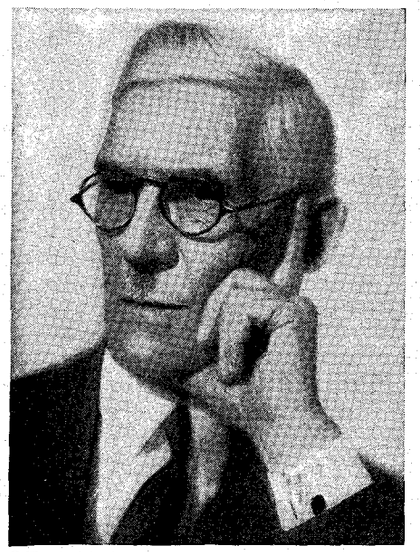
"Meanwhile, he is too gentle to be a menace, and too easily proved wrong to be a genuine nuisance. We think he ought to be viewed sympathetically, as being one grandfather suddenly made aware of the world in which his children's children must carry on."

Old-Age Revolving Pension Plan Hailed and Denounced as Inquiry Is Pushed

Twice the size of life, a colored photograph of a gray-haired man with shell-rimmed spectacles, diminutive mustache, and a green velvet tie, hangs in the offices of Old Age Revolving Pensions, Ltd., at Washington, D. C.

Otherwise, the well-furnished rooms resemble many another lobbying center in the nation's capital.

The tinted portrait is that of Dr. Francis E. Townsend, sixty-eight, gauntly gentle retired country doctor who now makes his home in California, birth-State of many a social panacea.



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Dr. Francis E. Townsend: to some, "a new Moses"; to others, illusory "medicine-man"

To some elderly folk, the soft-spoken physician is a new Moses, bestowing his kindly bedside manner upon the economic ailments of the aged; to others he is a medicine-man with a quack remedy which might become poisonous to America's fiscal health.

Briefly, his prescription is this: Not more than $200 monthly to all persons over sixty, provided it is spent within thirty days after receipt; this money to be raised by a 2 per cent. tax on all transactions.

In the House of Representatives, a thorough inquiry into the Townsend and other old-age pension plans, and the tactics of Townsendites, is contemplated. Appropriately, the leading spirit in the move is from Missouri. He is Representative Charles Jasper Bell, fifty, whose chief legislative interest is old-age pensions, which he thinks can be worked out on a sound basis.

Of medium height and frame, with thinning iron-gray hair, parted at the side, Representative Bell is impressive looking. His rimless *pince-nez* heighten his serious countenance. He wears spats, and nattily tasteful dark suits which harmonize with his swarthy complexion. He was inconspicuous in Congress until his anti-Townsendism developed.

Representative Bell insists that in view of certain "racketeering" charges made against several leaders of the Townsend program, "they should be the first to welcome an investigation to determine the truth."

Members of Congress of both Parties have become uneasy over the spread of the Townsend propaganda and its possible effect in the coming Congressional elections.

Opposition

Calling the Old Age Revolving Pensions "The Townsend Scheme," the National Industrial Conference Board, Inc., advances a series of arguments against it. The following eight high lights are quoted from the Conference Board's fourteen-page analysis:

"The taxes required under the Townsend Plan amount to nearly half the total national income, more than half of all wages and salaries, eight times as much as all dividends, and more than three times the gross income of all farms.

"The proposed 2 per cent. transactions tax on gross agricultural income under the Townsend Plan would take away a large share of the profits of the small number of farmers who have net incomes, and force others to reduce their standard of living.

"Under 'The Townsend Scheme,' corporations would be forced to pass the 2 per cent. transactions tax to the consumer in higher prices, or go out of business, because, even in 1929, most corporations had no net income, or net income was less than 2 per cent. of the gross.

"Wage-earners and salaried employees would suffer a lower standard of living under the Townsend Plan, because their purchasing power would decline, due to higher living-costs, and 2 per cent. of their earnings would be regularly taken away by the tax.

Warning of Collapse

"The adoption of the Townsend Plan would cause a collapse of prices of all fixed-income-bearing securities, and would make it impossible for the Government to obtain loans at a reasonable rate of interest.

"The Townsend Plan would cause wholesale bankruptcies of real-estate concerns, and destruction of capital on which depends the security of urban real-estate mortgages, which, in turn, serve as a backing for life-insurance policies, bank-deposits, and other forms of savings.

"The total cost of government under the Townsend Plan would increase to about $40,000,000,000. The necessary sums would have to be obtained, in the end, by means of general inflation of prices, and depreciation in the value of money.

"The Townsend Plan would drastically redistribute the national income at the expense of millions of wage-earners, salaried employees, farmers, and owners of small businesses."

Writing in the current *Review of Reviews* on "The Townsend Delusion," Donald R. Richberg warns (the italics are his):

"It is a dangerous delusion, promising impossible relief to millions of deserving people who are in sore distress."

To followers of the California doctor he pleads:

"Stop!—long enough to see what a cruel hoax you are helping to perpetrate against millions of kindly, suffering old people."

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Topics in Brief

The Season Is on at the Old Manse!

—Donahey in the Cleveland Plain Dealer

BLESSED are the peacemakers; they will never be unemployed.—*Washington Post.*

OUR police have a unique system. The criminals don't flee the country, but the citizens do.—*Judge.*

"HUEY, tho dead, won a Louisiana election." In Pennsylvania he would have voted.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

AL SMITH says he has no ax to grind, and of course a length of lead pipe needs no honing.—*Macon Telegraph.*

ONE has to assume from the Nazi salute that the new deal in Germany isn't like ours. The palm is down.—*Detroit News.*

IT seems that the least the League of Nations could do would be to return their initiation fees to China and Ethiopia.—*Dallas News.*

"IF you destroy the leisure class," Mr. J. P. Morgan said, "you destroy civilization." That's an idea, too.—*F.P.A. in New York Herald Tribune.*

THE Chinese people have always severely let any other nation alone that lets them alone; and what has it got them?—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

THE only conclusion we have reached is that you can't have Coolidge economy, Hoover efficiency, and Roosevelt relief in the same year.—*Dallas News.*

RIGHT at the moment our nomination for the one goofiest of all guys is the chap who started calling this the temperate zone.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

AMERICANS are curious people. They talk about starting an antinoise campaign just when a Presidential election is coming on.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

NOW that Primo Carnera has been drafted as a soldier, we can only wish him better luck than he had with the last Ethiopian he fought.—*Boston Herald.*

FOR the first time in 150 years, the Vice President now has an official flag. Heretofore the hotel sign has sufficed: "Quiet, do not disturb."—*Ohio State Journal.*

IL DUCE'S solution—the enlistment of seven-year-olds—may be the right one. In case of a bonus the warrior can be paid off in vanilla cones.—*Portland Oregonian.*

PRESIDENT CONANT of Harvard says we are entering on a static period in our social history. Does he mean a quiet period or the other kind of static?—*New York Times.*

EUROPEANS complain that they never know what Great Britain's foreign policy is. The British can sympathize with them; they don't know, either.—*Toronto Saturday Night.*

A RECENT forty-three-degree drop in temperature in Washington was scarcely noticed by the New Deal, acclimated as it now is to the Court's decisions.—*Portland Oregonian.*

CHINESE good-luck charms, a style note explains, are becoming increasingly popular. We'd take more stock in them, if we didn't know what the Japs are getting away with.—*Boston Herald.*

AND now our future would be secure if somebody could only figure out a way for people to spend their time between leaving the CCC and becoming eligible for old age pensions.—*Judge.*

UNDER the Townsend Plan every pensioner would be obliged to spend all his money every month—and so would the great majority of the taxpaying population.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

A SENATOR introduces a bill requiring a two-thirds vote of members of the Supreme Court to declare a Federal statute unconstitutional. If Congress passes the measure the Court probably will hold it unconstitutional.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A COURT has ruled that bankers who have taken over real estate must shovel the sidewalks of such property after snowstorms. The theory is that while an asset may be frozen it should not be kept slippery.—*H. I. Phillips in New York Sun.*

JUST what Mrs. Huey Long will stand for in the United States Senate is undetermined, but this department will lay 500 to one that, being a woman, she will never be heard advocating the "Every man a king!" movement.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

WE may have to vote the Democratic ticket after all. Anybody who can assemble President and Mrs. Roosevelt, Chief Justice and Mrs. Hughes and Gracie Allen all at the same dinner table, as Vice President Garner did, deserves a vote.—*Charleston Mail.*

IF newspaper editors are right, American readers can absorb many pages of highly complimentary matter about the British Royal House. Apparently the Revolution was an error, owing to our extreme youth.—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker.*

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Franco-Soviet Model for Security

French Deputy Advocates Friendship With Germany, Rather Than Encircling Ring; Socialist Leader Blum Assaulted

Sovfoto

Marshal Mikhail Toukatchevsky, Russian Vice-Commissar of Defenses, who talked preparedness at Paris with—(Below, right)

Marshal Mikhail Toukatchevsky, Soviet Russia's brilliant army field commander and Vice-Commissar of Defense, went to Paris in the first days of February to confer with French military leaders. He talked chiefly with Louis Felix Maurin, French Minister of War. At the same time the Chamber of Deputies was debating the bill for ratification of the Franco-Soviet Treaty, signed in May, 1935, to define the political and military cooperation of both countries.

The debate, as Pertinax (André Géraud), Political Editor of the *Echo de Paris*, pointed out, would decide the final orientation of France's foreign policy and he added:

"The alternatives involved are whether it will continue to strive for setting up a defensive system against Germany embracing the West and East of Europe, or whether an attempt at reaching an agreement with Germany will take precedence over every other consideration."

Bid for Friendship

Deputy Alfred Margaine suggested in the Chamber of Deputies that instead of "making an irreconcilable enemy of the Reich" by signing the Treaty with Moscow, France should make Germany her friend by allowing her to share in the exploitation of French Indo-China and continued:

"France's future policy should consist of seeking new outlets. Therefore why should she not associate herself with Germany to seek these outside Europe, particularly in Asia?"

When the Franco-Soviet Treaty is ratified, wrote a Paris correspondent of the United Press, it is intended that there shall be a similar Treaty between Russia and Czechoslovakia and then one between Russia and Rumania. This informant went on:

"Together the Treaties will form a ring almost all around Nazi Germany. They will be linked up with the Little Entente of Rumania, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, and the Balkan Entente comprising Greece, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Turkey, in such a way that in event of an attack by any nation against any one of the group, France and Russia would get into the argument."

Also it was related that before long there probably would be a series of most important conversations on mutual defense problems among the General Staffs of Central and Eastern European Powers.

Foreign Verdicts

Among editorial comment cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST from the European press was the scathing remark of the Rome *Tribuna:*

"If the League of Nations Covenant supposedly is sufficient to guarantee collective security, then the Franco-Soviet pact is superfluous. If such is not the case, then the pact is incompatible with the Covenant. The truth is that the pact has revealed the widely divergent views of French public opinion, and was born under the conviction that the League of Nations Covenant is insufficient to afford security for France.

"At the same time the pact is antithetical to the Locarno Treaty, and hence is anti-German. It is also injurious to the Italo-French accords of January, 1935, which the French Chamber of Deputies, now perplexed and divided, then approved unanimously."

In tune with this adverse criticism is the observation of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, which expresses, however, a deeper feeling of concern over possible ratification of the Franco-Soviet Treaty:

"We consider ratification a serious and decisive turn in the fate of Europe. Ratification must make more difficult any free conversation by Germany with France or England. . . .

"The pact with the Soviets is tantamount to insanity. . . . Never before have the big nations tumbled into such a gigantic snare."

In sharp contrast to the foregoing was an argument in defense of the Franco-Soviet alliance by the London *Times*, which observed:

"It is criticized by Germany as a purely anti-German instrument, but this can be convincingly answered. . . . Germany herself is chiefly responsible for whatever modicum of truth there is in the charge. The treaty as originally conceived was, and is to-day, open to adherence by Germany and other States. If the two principals are proceeding to ratification, their desire to protect themselves against a country openly resorting to a policy of power is readily understood."

Meanwhile Paris and all France were thrown into a high political fever because of a murderous attack on Leon Blum, sixty-three-year-old Seine Deputy and leader of the Socialist Party, by students of the *Camelots du Roi* (King's Henchmen), youth group of the royalist *Action Française.*

As a counter demonstration of the French Socialists, 300,000 sympathizers turned out on February 16 to cheer a parade of the so-called "Popular Front" in protest against the beating of Blum.

The parade, according to a Universal Service correspondent, altho technically illegal, because of the recent ban on political street-gatherings, was authorized because feeling has been running high.

Wide World

Louis Felix Maurin, France's Minister of War

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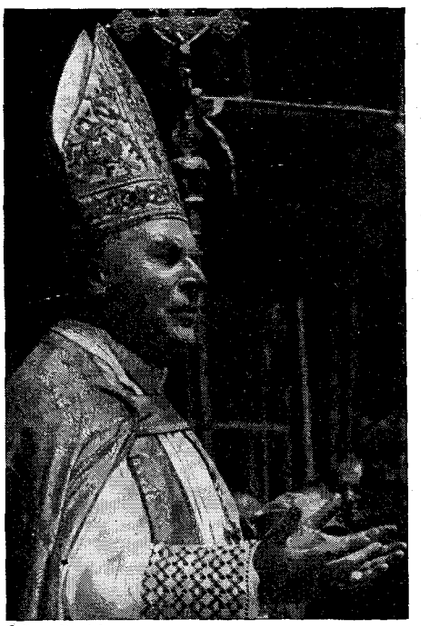
Nazi *vs.* Catholic

Secret Police Charge Collusion of Churchmen and Communists



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Michael Cardinal von Faulhaber of Munich: "Huge, raw-boned, and fearless"

Michael Cardinal von Faulhaber of Munich, huge, raw-boned, and fearless, has been urging both Catholics and Protestants to fight together against Nazi invasions of their faith, ever since Chancellor Adolf Hitler got a firm foothold as the supreme master of the Third Reich in 1933.

But, early in February, he launched a strictly Catholic barrage on the Nazi régime, because, as he told 6,000 listeners in St. Michael's Church, Munich, "the untrue attacks against Pope Pius XI and the Papacy are so strong in the Nazi press that we can no longer keep quiet."

By way of sequel to the Cardinal's protest, the Nazi Secret Police at Duesseldorf, over the week-end of February 9, arrested Mgr. Ludwig Wolker, President of the Reich Union of Catholic Youth Organizations, together with several of the principal lay leaders of the Union.

After the raids by the Secret Police, Berlin Associated Press dispatches reported on February 12 that at least 100 Catholics and Communists were in custody on charges of collusion.

Official Defense

Das Schwarze Korps, official organ of Hitler's Blackshirt Guards, said:

"No Catholic priest has been arrested because of his spiritual or welfare work, but priestly robes are no safeguard against punishment for treasonable activities.

"No Catholic institution or organization has been dissolved or penalized because it is dedicated to religious practises. But the State's foreign-exchange regulations apply equally to convents, and membership cards in Catholic societies and young ladies' leagues are not permits for anti-Government or anti-National Socialist activities."

Germany's Drive to Regain Colonies

Von Ribbentrop, Hitler's "Colonel House," Contends Surrender of Possessions Under Versailles Treaty Was Only Temporary

Joachim von Ribbentrop, special roving Ambassador and confidant of Chancellor Hitler, has a polished way of darting in and out of European chancelleries with diplomatic bacon for the Nazi political larder.

Formerly a glib-tongued liquor salesman, now a Berlin merchant married to a rich champagne manufacturer's daughter, he is Germany's smoothest fixer, a suave "Colonel House of Germany."

In Germany's campaign to recover her overseas possessions, rights and titles to which were renounced according to Article 119 of the Versailles Treaty, "Ambassador Joachim, the Astute," contends that Germany, under the Treaty, had relinquished administration over her former colonies only temporarily. The return of them to Germany, he maintained, constitutes a condition for Germany's reentrance into the League of Nations.

Where Colonies Were

Before the War these colonies were: Togoland (West Africa), the Cameroons (West Africa), East Africa, Southwest Africa, New Guinea (in the Pacific), the Solomon, Caroline and Marshall Islands, and Samoa (all in the Pacific), and Kiaochow (China).

In all they have a total area of nearly 1,140,117 square miles and an approximate population of 13,258,000. To-day they are distributed under mandate of the League to Great Britain, the Union of South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, France, Belgium, and Japan.

To recapture them by peaceful means Hitler is whipping up popular feeling by such arguments as need of space for overpopulation, sources of raw stuffs, and new markets for trade—arguments under fire since Italy's campaign in Ethiopia began.

"The argument for empire based on pressure of population is palpably specious," writes Nathaniel Peffer, a noted student of foreign affairs, in *Harpers Magazine*.

"It is not worth serious consideration except for its utility as a slogan in the press and a rallying cry to whip up the patriotic passions of the mob when necessary. It makes good propaganda for bigger armies and navies. It has a plausible ring. But it is empty.

"It was in order to win an empire and get a place in England's sun that Germany challenged British naval supremacy after 1900 and thus foredoomed the World War. And in 1914 . . . there were in all the German colonies in Africa . . . about 22,000 Germans and in all German colonies in other parts of the world just 2,000 more."

In Japan, which holds the Caroline and Marshall Islands even tho she is no longer in the League, the Osaka *Mainichi* said: "Germany conceded these colonial possessions to the Allied Powers by treaty; she has no right to demand the return of these possessions any more than China has to demand the return of Hongkong or Siberia, or Spain the Philippines.

"We fully sympathize with the acute conditions in Germany, but if the provision of resources or the return of colonies to Germany becomes an issue it must be separated from the idea of dealing with the former German possessions and considered from the viewpoint of redistributing resources among the less-favored countries."

Postage as Sovereignty Bid

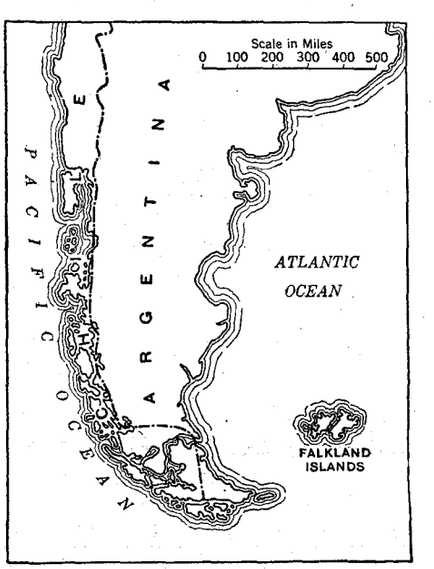
The Rt. Hon. Anthony Eden, British Foreign Secretary, amid his many worries about the situation in Europe and in the Far East, found time last week to declare that Great Britain had warned Argentina that the issuance of postage stamps showing the Falkland Islands to be Argentine territory "can only be detrimental to the good relations of the two countries."

The Falkland Islands include more than 100 islands and South Georgia. According to the 1933 census, the estimated population of the Islands was 2,427—1,362 males, 1,065 females. South Georgia's population was estimated at 650 males and four females.

The Islands lie 300 miles east of the Straits of Magellan at the southern end of South America.

A rebuke to the Argentine Government for issuing stamps showing the Falkland Islands as Argentine territory was issued by the Buenos Aires *Herald*, English-language newspaper, which said:

"The Islands are as much part of the British Empire as Gibraltar, and no good purpose is served by the repeated pin-pricking, petty irritation and other actions by publicists and bureaucratic subordinates who appear to believe that parts of the Empire are to be had for the asking or will be surrendered at the first protest."



The Falkland Islands: Argentine or British?

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Oil-Export Ban Up to America

League of Nations Sanctions on Export to Italy Held Impossible Without United States Cooperation; Report Causes Gloom at Rome

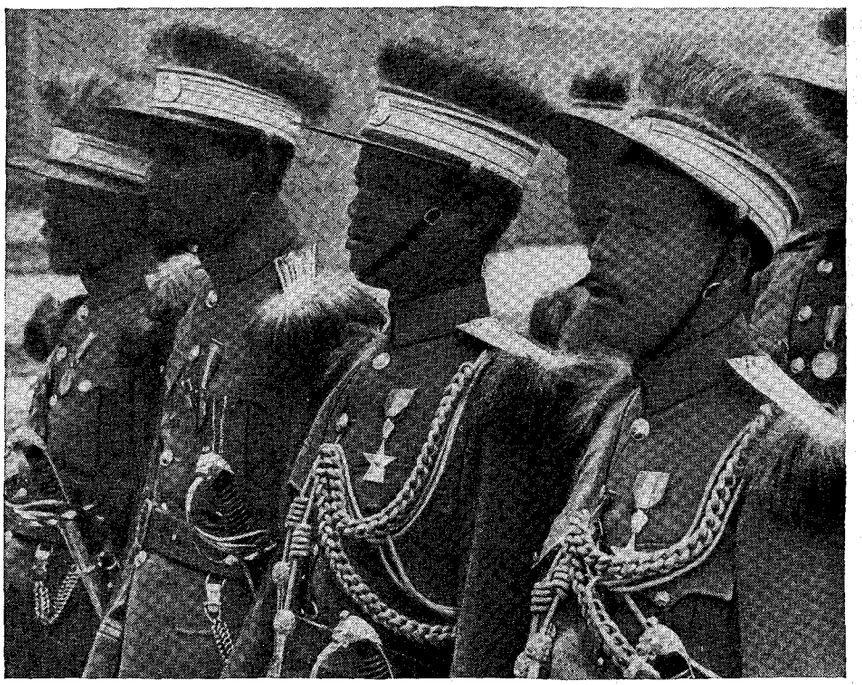

Photo Eisenstaedt-Daniel

Study in stolidity: Haile Selassie's special body-guard, crowned with lion-hair

No effective oil sanction against Italy as a penalty for invading Ethiopia can be applied without the cooperation of the United States.

If such cooperation were forthcoming, making the application universal, the sanction would be effective in three to three and a half months.

Experts' Stand

In these two conclusions an experts' committee of the League of Nations last week put squarely up to the United States the world move to ban oil exports to Italy.

Rome received the report with gloom, but pointed out that the committee's estimate of Italy's current oil stocks—enough to last three or four months—was absurdly low.

In New York, international oil circles questioned the intimation of large exports of oil from this country.

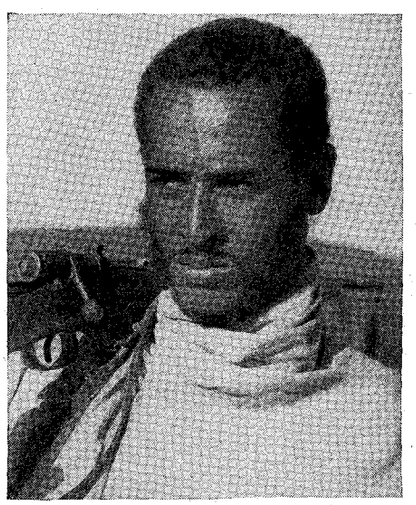

Photo Eisenstaedt-Daniel

Ethiopian enlisted man

Paris Reaction

In France, which has sought desperately to hold a middle course in the Ethiopian imbroglio, *Petit Journal* said:

"Unquestionably, the conclusions of the experts will produce a strong reaction in Washington. Faced with the formal text implying limitations on United States exports would suffice to end operations in Africa within three months, will Congress modify its attitude?

"Uncontestably, the experts have drafted conclusions so clearly and firmly in order to influence the American decision."

In the opinion of *The Times* (London), "the decision of the Governments can not help being influenced by the shape finally given to the Neutrality Bill now before the American Congress.

"On assumptions and provisions of the Bill making the withholding of oil by League Powers practicable and effective hinges the crucial question of whether it would be practicable to restrict tonnage available for transport to the extent that it would likely be effective," this paper said.

"Thus the question for the Governments is strictly a practical one."

Meanwhile, the little rainy season in Ethiopia continued to force a "seventh-inning stretch" for troops on both sides.

Italy's chief efforts were in the air, centered on ending the campaign by eliminating Emperor Haile Selassie. Still directing the war on the northern front, he escaped death several times from bombs dropped near his Imperial Headquarters at Dessye.

Farther north, near Makale, Ethiopian guerrillas cut the Italian lines in several places. At points they raided behind the enemy positions. Both sides were consolidating lines, preparatory to the beginning of the heavy rains in mid-June.

Chile's "Lion" Paws Reds

Arturo Alessandri, blue-eyed, sixty-eight-year-old President of Chile, twice fled into exile between 1920 and 1925 when political fortunes turned against him.

Last week he prevented what political foes thought the possibility of a third exile by a swiftly-closing Congress, declaring a three-months' state of siege and rounding up hundreds of enemies.

Friends said the "Lion of Tarapaca," as he is known, sought to stamp out communism following the big railway strike of a week before.

Enemies declared Alessandri, who has ruled almost with extraordinary powers since his second term began in 1932, sought to squelch the Leftist opposition bloc in Congress.

Neither denied that his action amounted to a virtual dictatorship—ranging Chile alongside of Venezuela, Brazil, and Ecuador as one-man States.

Press Reaction

Among the press, the Conservative-Clerical *Diario Illustrado* (Santiago) championed the aged President. The radical outbreak, it declared, "is not a simple labor movement with the end of obtaining economic benefit; it is a case of a vast plan of sedition hatched in Moscow and ripened in Montevideo [Uruguay] in which the broken rail strike and the terrorist attempts at a general strike were but the first manifestation."

To which the *Mercurio* (Santiago), pro-Government, added: "America must extirpate these germs which come to the United States from the depths of Asia via Russia, gravely menacing Western civilization on this continent."

Radical Protest

However, the Radical Party newspaper, *La Hora* (Santiago), voiced this oppositionist view: "The measures of repression adopted at this moment clearly indicate it is not a case of suffocating a revolt nor a plot, but is simply to silence voices not in agreement with the régime."

Said the *Diario Carioca* (Rio de Janeiro): "South America, which seemed to Russia to be easy prey, has reacted, resisted, and conquered. It would seem that it is about time that these famous saviors of humanity became convinced that they have been knocking at the wrong door."

And the *Jornal do Brasil* (Rio de Janeiro) observed: "The red octopus continues to lay down its tentacles. It is necessary to amputate them, to cut them off forever with violent means."

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George V and Workers: Picture Treasured

War-Time Photograph Recalls Monarch's Charming Manner; Shipyard Boy, Now on Dole, in Scene Proposed for Permanent Marble or Bronze Memorial; He Tells of Jesting

Wide World

A chance meeting that may be immortalized in marble or bronze: George V, greeted by Johnny Michael Cassidy at a shipyard, in 1917; to-day, Johnny is on the dole

King George V's affectionate relations with his people, especially with the working class, have been the point of countless anecdotes told since his death.

Once, when the King and Queen made an industrial tour of the North of England, before the War, they talked with scores of men and women in the factories, and went inside cottages and tenement dwellings.

A. J. Cummings, of *The News Chronicle* (London), was with them on this tour. In his recollections he wrote:

"What I liked about them then was the simplicity of their manner, and the understanding way in which they spoke to *Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Smith,* and *Mrs. Robinson.*"

The journeys of George V among the workers at home and the soldiers in France during the War were constant, and one photograph shows him on a visit to a Sunderland (England) shipyard, smiling into the dirty face of a grinning boy apprentice.

The King is pictured leaning over in his talk to Johnny Michael Cassidy. As a London correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune* related in a copyrighted cable to that newspaper:

"Because the picture reveals the King's democratic nature at its best, it has been proposed in the press that the nation's memorial to George V might well preserve the scene in marble or bronze.

"But early in February, it became known that Johnny Michael Cassidy, having grown to man's estate, is among England's 2,000,000 unemployed, and is drawing a dole of four shillings ($1) weekly."

A reporter for *The Daily Mail* located Johnny in a government occupational camp at Scarborough, according to the *Herald Tribune's* London Correspondent, who went on to say:

"It was in June, 1917, that King George visited Laing's Shipyard, where Johnny worked as a 'paint-pot lad.' Johnny was sixteen years old then, and stood three feet six inches in his thick boots. Now he is only a foot higher, has lost most of his teeth, and looks like a man of fifty.

"Johnny has not forgotten what he said that made both him and the King laugh so heartily just as the camera clicked. The King had complimented Johnny on helping build war-ships, and Johnny, quite at ease, had replied quick as a flash to His Majesty:

" 'You get the troops now, and we'll get t' ships off.' "

Naturally, all Johnny's neighbors wanted to shake the hand that shook a King's hand, but he regarded his right hand as sacred, and would offer only his left to commoners.

To *The Daily Mail's* representative, Johnny confided that he planned to return in April to Sunderland, to live with his aged mother. He hopes to get a job, a wife and children.

"I love kids," Johnny said. "So did King George."

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"Bitter Tea" in Utopian Alberta

Provincial Tills Bare as Mother Hubbard's *Cupboard When Social Credit Premier Essays to Pay $25 a Month to 750,000*

Wide World

Premier William Aberhart found "holes scraped in the bottom" of Alberta's Treasury

King Canute had no harder task in whipping back the waves that wet his feet than Premier William Aberhart of Alberta, Canada, is reported to have in his attempt to pay a "basic dividend" of $25 a month to every adult in the Province's population of 750,000.

It has been estimated that it would take nearly $144,000,000 annually to carry out the first social credit program in the world, and the thirty-year-old Province's tills are as vacant as *Old Mother Hubbard's* cupboard.

His first shock when he took office last year, reported the prairie Premier, was to find the Treasury empty and, in his own words, "holes scraped in the bottom." Meantime, interest charges were more than $7,000,000 a year—more than 50 per cent. of the total Provincial revenue—and relief was costing $4,000,000 annually.

To make the situation more difficult, the number of applicants for the monthly handout is increasing. Thousands are flocking into the Albertan Utopia. The Calgary *Herald* reports that more foreign-born residents of that enterprising city were naturalized last year, when the evangelist-economist was broadcasting the glad tidings of sighting the Promised Land, than in any previous twelve-month.

But the Premier's economic faith remains unimpaired. He believes in the solvent of social credit as firmly as he does in the doctrines of the Prophetic Bible Institute he founded some years ago in Calgary. Its chief doctrine is of an imminent occurrence of what is called "The Rapture," when those of the true faith will be caught up into heavenly bliss and the unfaithful left behind.

In a telegram to The Literary Digest, Premier Aberhart says that "the financial situation of the Province is gradually being whipped into shape preparatory to laying a solid foundation for the superstructure of social credit. Confidence is growing very rapidly. . . .

Poverty and Plenty

"The members of our Legislature are full-spirited and enthusiastic in the accomplishment of the application of the principles of social credit to the removal of poverty from the midst of plenty and abundance. The business houses are cooperating in the scientific equation of production and consumption. They admit that some method should be found of distributing the abundance that we can very easily produce."

It was last August that the tall and rotund fifty-seven-year-old former milk peddler, school-teacher, and expounder of the Bible, particularly of Revelations, was swept into power on an avalanche of votes that surprized even him.

Six months later, on February 6, Parliament convened to face, say press reports, protesting citizens who had waited six months for their first credits—only to find that they are not even in sight. At the time of his election the Premier said it would take at least eighteen months to start his program. But many expectant people are reported already tired of waiting.

"The best the Provincial Prime Minister could do on the occasion of the opening of the Legislature," reports the Montreal *Gazette*, "was to give the Albertans a mere glimpse of the Promised Land.

"It is evident that the Legislature is not to be asked this session to do any more than pass an enabling measure.

"Mr. Aberhart, indeed, makes the distances stretch too far ahead to lend any enchantment to the view of those of his constituents who prefer substance to shadow. . . . All they can do in the circumstances is to wait, at least patiently, if not joyfully. But it is a wise thing in politics to 'beware the fury of the patient man.'"

At the time when the portly Premier literally had all Albertans and most Canadians by the ears through his radio broadcasts, he promised:

1. To provide "basic dividends" of $25 a month to every adult citizen and lesser amount to minors, the dividends to be in the form of credits to provide for necessities, such as food, clothing, and shelter.
2. To contrive a price-control system to fix a "just price" for goods and services.
3. To provide a continuous flow of credit.

A "Paradise Lost"

So far, he has not been able to put through a single item in his program. He is to-day, writes Walter Davenport, Associate Editor of *Collier's*, "'drinking the bitter tea of all Messiahs' and his plan to establish a social credit system for the Province . . . is proving another 'Paradise Lost.'"

"One thing certain is that the breakdown is only a matter of time," replied the Winnipeg *Free Press* to a query from The Literary Digest... "Alberta can not reverse the natural law that 'something for nothing' is impossible."

Immortality: Compton's View

"Science speaks much less clearly on the question of immortality than on the related one of the existence of an order and a Supreme Intelligence in nature," writes the great physicist, Dr. Arthur H. Compton, in "The Freedom of Man" (Yale University Press).

Doctor Compton, who won the Nobel Prize in 1927, goes on to say that "tho it is true that science presents no weighty evidence for life eternal, it is only fair to point out also that science has found no cogent reason for supposing that what is of importance in a man can be buried in a grave. The truth is that science can not supply a definite answer to this question."

However, "failure to find evidence for the permanence of consciousness is no adequate basis for rejecting its possibility," said Doctor Compton, who is a Baptist and interested in missions and the Y.M.C.A. He concludes:

"It is safe to say that very few of those who accept the doctrine of immortality do so because of logical argument. Scientists and philosophers alike have failed to provide any clear indication of what the future holds for us. The remarkable way in which Jesus's moral and religious teachings have satisfied the tests of centuries of experience, on the other hand, gives His followers a deep-rooted confidence in His religious intuitions. Jesus considers immortality the natural course of events in a world governed by God as a loving Father. 'Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.'"

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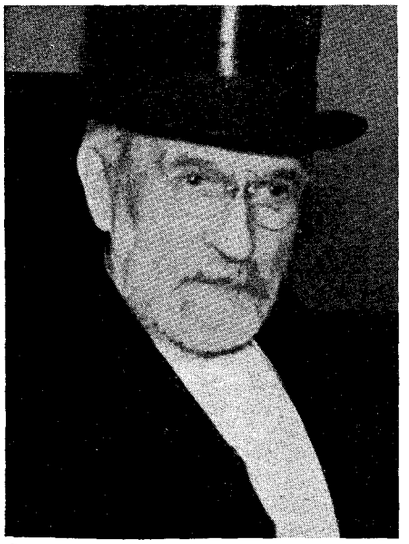
Free to Print Without Taxation

Principle Dating Back to John Milton Again Vindicated; Supreme Court's Outlawry of Louisiana Levy on Newspaper Earnings



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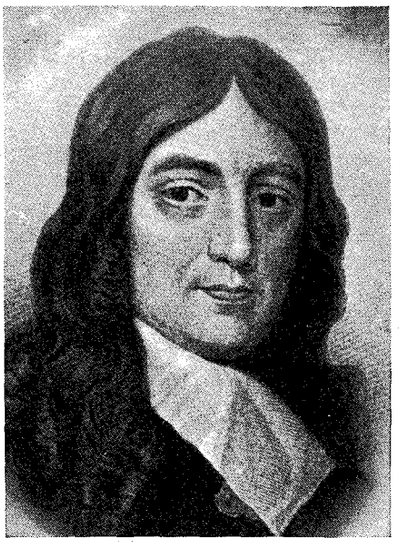
Twentieth century: Associate Justice Sutherland, who read the Supreme Court decision on the Louisiana newspaper tax



Seventeenth century: John Milton, whose "Areopagitica" (1644) was one of the first important pleas for a free press

Back in 1644, John Milton sat at his desk, and, in high dudgeon, wrote an attack on Parliament called "Areopagitica."

As high-school students now know, this "Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing" not only is one of the most eloquent bits of prose in English, but, likewise, the first significant plea for freedom of the press. It virtually abolished the English system of licensing literature.

Last week, in Washington, a scholarly, bearded man, from the bench of America's highest Court, again enunciated this principle. Reading the unanimous opinion of the Supreme Court, Associate Justice George Sutherland outlawed, as a "fetter" to a free press, a 2 per cent. license tax imposed on Louisiana newspapers.

Louisiana has thirteen daily newspapers with a circulation of more than 20,000 copies each a week. Twelve of these kept up, for years, a daily assault on the policies of the late Huey Pierce Long, self-styled "Kingfish" of the State.

Tax on Receipts

What followed showed, according to the Chicago *Tribune*, "Long's desire for vengeance." In 1934, the Long-controlled State Legislature decreed that newspapers with a circulation exceeding 20,000 copies a week must pay 2 per cent. of their gross receipts to the State.

"At the time the tax was under consideration," continues *The Daily Tribune*, "Long and Gov. O. K. Allen circulated a statement:

" 'These big Louisiana newspapers tell a lie every time they make a dollar. This tax should be called a tax on lying—two cents per lie.' "

Nine newspaper publishers fought the tax and won the decision.

Mr. Justice Sutherland paid tribute to Milton. Then he passed swiftly to Queen Anne, who, in 1712, demanded, and got, from Parliament a tax upon newspapers to "suppress the publication of comments and criticism objectionable to the Crown."

In eighteenth century Massachusetts, stamp taxes on newspapers and magazines were violently opposed, quickly repealed.

Bearing in mind the "English struggle" and this "recent Massachusetts episode," said the Court, early American legislators framed the First Amendment to the Constitution, granting for all time "freedom of the press."

Basis of Conclusion

Swinging into a summary on which was based its conclusion, the Court wrote:

"The newspapers, magazines, and other journals of the country . . . shed more light on the public and business affairs of the nation than any other instrumentality of publicity; and, since, informed public opinion is the most potent of all restraint upon misgovernment, the abridgment of the publicity afforded by a free press can not be regarded otherwise than with grave concern. . . .

"A free press stands as one of the great interpreters between the Government and the people. To allow it to be fettered is to fetter ourselves."

The Shreveport *Times* (Dem.) wrote that the decision enabled the press to "continue to be what the Constitution intended it to be—a safeguard of the people's liberties."

The New Orleans *States* (Ind.-Dem.) called it a "forceful affirmation of the constitutional guaranty of freedom of the press which will stand so long as the Republic and its institutions endure." The Baton Rouge *State Times* (Dem.) wrote that now the people of Louisiana "know they are free."

Even pro-Long forces exuberantly welcomed the ruling. The Houma *Times* (Dem.), which, last month, called Huey Long "the greatest builder and organizer of all time," now observed that "laws that encroach on the rights of liberty of press and speech are short-lived."

Side-Wipe Comment

The Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith—chief of the late Senator's "Share-Our-Wealth" Society—used the occasion to take a side-wipe at the White House. He wired THE LITERARY DIGEST:

"With President Roosevelt openly criticizing the Supreme Court, and his appointees ridiculing its functions, it behooves all good citizens to abide by its [the Court's] decisions without critical comment.

"This Court is our only protection against Presidential dictatorship. Huey Long believed in progress, but never by unconstitutional methods."

It remained for *Editor & Publisher*, newspaper men's trade journal, to sum up in a sizzling attack on politicians who seek to hamstring the press. It said:

"The Supreme Court saved the press a few years ago by voiding the Minnesota gag-law. It now saves it from a tax that would cripple the industry.

"We are grateful to the Court for its accurate description of the American press. Why, forsooth, cripple a good horse, or spike the wheels of the vehicle in which we all ride to our destiny?"

Will Rogers, Jr., Editor

Years ago, the late Will Rogers, genial, gum-chewing cowboy actor, was looking for a job. The late Flo Ziegfeld gave him a spot in his "Follies" which was the beginning of Rogers's fame.

Recently Will Rogers, Jr., purchased the Beverly Hills *Citizen*, a weekly community newspaper with a circulation of about 3,000. The daughter of his father's old friend applied to him for a job—and got it. To-day attractive Patricia Ziegfeld, eighteen years old, is batting out a column of chatter on the sheet of which Will, Jr., is boss.

His official title is managing editor. According to an Associated Press dispatch, when he took over the post he said: "That means I'll have to get most of the news, write most of it, sell advertising, help out in the mechanical department, and occasionally sweep out the office."

Tall, raw-boned, handsome, Will Rogers, Jr., has inherited his father's unruly hair, dark, humorous eyes, and his jaw. He is of athletic build, about five feet ten inches tall, and, like his distinguished sire, is a devotee of polo. He is twenty-four.

Young Rogers has had newspaper experience. He was for a while on the Fort Worth *Telegram;* studied journalism at Stanford University, and when at Beverly Hills High School contributed a column to the paper he now owns.

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Oil for Oats in New Model Army

Flashing Wars of Movement—Mile-a-Minute Tanks, Swift Armored Cars, Doughboys Machine-Gunners in Mechanized Forces

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Gen. Malin Craig (left), *Chief of Staff, and Secretary of War Dern discussing proposed mechanization of ground forces*

"Get there furstest with the mostest men."

In his homely drawl, Lieut.-Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, C.S.A., told a West Point-trained contemporary his strategy of winning battles in the War Between the States. His was war of swift movement, not of slow siege, bogged down in trenches.

Tho a blacksmith's son, General Forrest was a born soldier. He joined the cavalry as a trooper one June, was a lieutenant-colonel in July, brigadier a year later, major-general by December, 1863, and lieutenant-general by February, 1865.

"Whenever I met one of them fellows who fit by note!" the towering General chuckled into his bushy black spade-beard, "I generally whupped hell out of him before he pitched the tune. Git 'em skeered, and, then, keep the skeer on 'em."

Genius for Strategy

General Forrest kept the "skeer" on the Federals. Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, U. S. A., set a price on his unkempt head, and, after the War, paid tribute to "the most remarkable man the Civil War produced on either side . . . he had a genius for strategy which was original, and, to me, incomprehensible."

To-day, West Pointers comprehend better this war of motion, using cavalry as a speedy striking-force. The Forrest troopers never carried sabers; they used horses to "get there furstest," six-shooters and repeating carbines to make twice their number think they had the "mostest men."

To-day it is another cavalryman who is making the Regular Army a quickly-transported striking-force with greater fire-power. During National Defense Week, from Lincoln's to Washington's birthdays, Gen. Malin Craig, Chief of Staff, is calling Congressional attention to the five-year plan for modernizing the Army.

Briefly, this plan envisions every rifleman as virtually a machine-gunner, trained to act on his own initiative in emergencies, and transported by vehicles going directly to the field of battle at sixty miles an hour.

The husky, muscular, square-jawed Chief of Staff appears to passers-by as stern as a gray stone wall. Actually, he is democratic and affable, and, when he makes friends, they find him a warm, lasting personality. At the "Point" he was an athlete. Now, he shoots golf in the low eighties, and rides frequently, as becomes a crack cavalryman.

He has commanded every type of military unit from cavalry-troop to field-army.

In his reorganization, the Chief of Staff does not want an Army patterned after any European contemporary. Rather, like General Forrest, he believes in a force suited entirely and exclusively to American needs, developed without too many looks abroad.

Through Secretary of War George H. Dern, General Craig is asking Congress to pass the largest peace-time Army supply bill in American history. The House Appropriations Committee has reported out a measure carrying $374,981,521 for exclusively military purposes.

But that is only a starter for the General Staff Corps officers, who have formed the Army's Brain Trust. Those of the "Four G's" who carry out the Chief of Staff's orders relating to personnel (G-1), military intelligence (G-2), plans and training (G-3), and supplies (G-4), envision this, Thomas W. Johnson writes in *Current History*:

"A five-year general procurement program, it is thought, should be prescribed by Congress, so that, by 1940, or thereabouts, tank regiments, armored-car troops, and mechanized-cavalry platoons of sufficient strength, together with 18,000 motor-vehicles to replace transport-animals, will be available.

"Within this five-year program should also be included a new semiautomatic rifle for every rifleman, improved artillery, constant experimentation in chemical warfare, and a variety of miscellaneous equipment now lacking."

Back to Napoleon

C. Patrick Thompson, British tank-corps captain in the War, writing in *This Week*, summarizes the swing-back to the Napoleonic war of movement:

"The terrific impetus of modern invention has brought sixty-mile-an-hour war-craft, heavy artillery with a mobility of fifty miles an hour, platoons of a dozen armored men with the fire-power of a present-day battalion [1,000] . . . and poison-gas. . . .

"The whole tendency . . . is away from the dull, heavy, mass-tactics of the Great War . . . and toward fast and flashing wars of movement, in which blows will be struck with crushing force and lightning speed, and the maximum use made of the surprize element. . . .

"Hence, the strong movement away from road-bound marching columns and horse-drawn guns and supplies, and toward the completely mechanized army, with its six vehicle-types:

"The huge, heavily-armored fortress replacing storm troops; the armored machine carrying a field-gun; the fast, light, water-crossing tank replacing cavalry; a very fast, small machine with a high-velocity gun to function as does a destroyer in a sea-fleet; a caterpillar-machine to transport infantry and engineers; and another to handle supplies."

Backbone of Battle

Yet, tho doughboys may speed to battle on wheels, they'll attack on their own feet (see cover). To keep those feet in fighting trim, the Quartermaster General is experimenting with high laced boots to replace the present shoes and spiral puttees.

Thus, infantry remains the backbone of battle. Asked by THE LITERARY DIGEST to comment on the machine-gun-army plan, Lieut. Gen Robert Lee Bullard, U. S. A., a Southerner like General Forrest, and only surviving American field-army commander of the World War, said:

"In the future, the machine-gun, not the rifle, is the infantryman's inevitable weapon. At the end of the War, the Germans depended on their Maxims, not on their Mausers. It was not man to man, but machine against machine."

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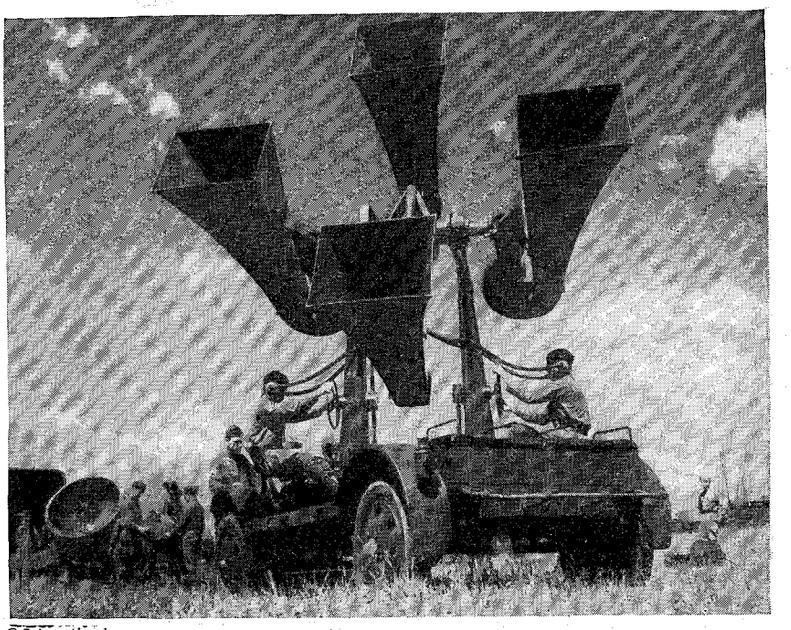
U. S. Army Signal Corps Pictorial Service

Modern knight and charger: Their armor fends off gas, not bullets



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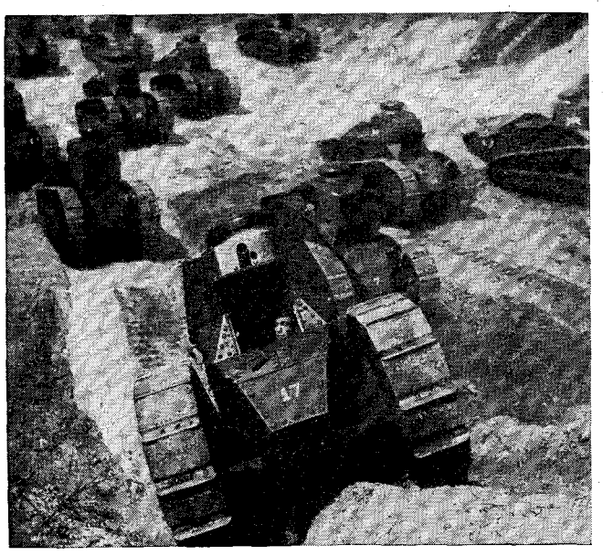
"Ears" for air-defense: These sound-locators pick up drone of raiding bombers, and, synchronized with search-lights, spot planes for antiaircraft artillery

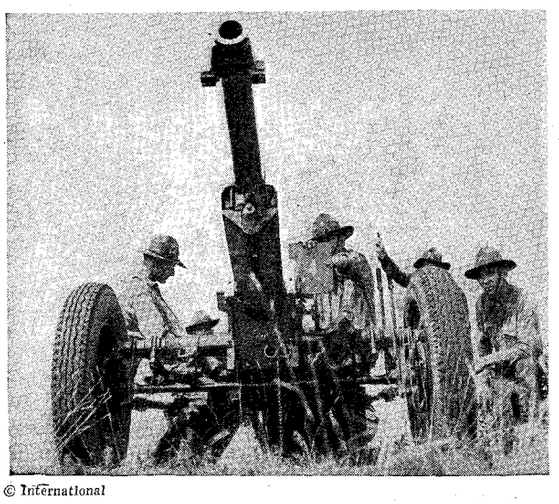


U. S. Army Signal Corps Pictorial Service

Charge of light brigade (1936 style): Whippet-tanks scoot over shell-craters in attack deadlier than cavalry squadron's

Wide World

"Archies": These sleek, efficient antiaircraft guns have a vertical range of 25,000 feet and fire twenty-five shells a minute



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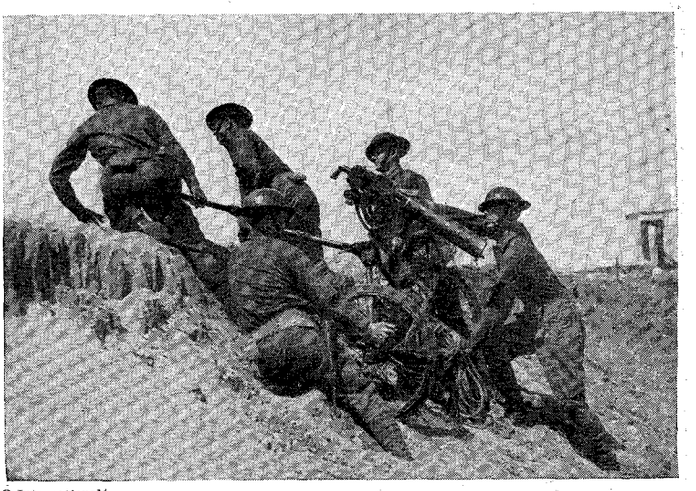
This rubber-tired, truck-drawn seventy-five "marches" 300 miles a day: Horse-hauled, iron-wheeled type did forty



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"Emma Gee," on bicycle-wheels, goes into position in a hurry: "Suicide Club" National Guardsmen haul machine-gun to new position

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An Imported Lollypop for Broadway

Margaret Anglin Returns With an Ivor Novello Confection; Ed Wynn Presents a "Mercy-Killing" Play Swerving Into Romantic Nonsense

Margaret Anglin, English and hospitable in Ivor Novello's play, "Fresh Fields"

It is among the hopes of the theater that, one day, Ivor Novello, a workman in tea-biscuits, will turn his play-writing talents to something more effectual than the bland and shallow tidbits which issue annually from his typewriter.

The current example is "Fresh Fields," an amusing, deft comedy about as thin as watered sunlight. It is notable in the New York play crop, because it restores Miss Margaret Anglin to the theater after a seven-years' absence.

The plot may be described as convenient, giving actors and Mr. Novello an opportunity to chatter wittily. But it is no plot to give one a moment's thought after the curtain drops on the last act.

When the curtain falls, the play is over and most audiences never will think of it again. It will be much as if lollypops had been given out with each ticket. The lollypops will have been enjoyed for the moment, and then the empty stick may be chucked away without a backward glance.

Lady Mary and *Lady Lilian*, impoverished daughters of a deceased Duke, continue to live in the family mansion. It is as large as an automobile factory, and their income is tiny. The servants' salaries are in arrears and local London merchants are becoming truculent about their bills.

Into this beggared palace thunder three breezy colonials from Brisbane, Australia. There is *Mrs. Pidgeon*, an innkeeper; her brother, *Tom Larcomb*, a sheep magnate, and her daughter, *Una*, a clumsy adolescent who specializes in knocking over statuary and tea-tables. Among them, they have about a million dollars.

Lady Mary takes them in as paying guests and promises to try to have *Una* sponsored at court. Unhappily, their manners are so provincial that she can not summon strength to do it. It remains for *Lady Strawholme*, whose position at court is so entrenched she doesn't care, to present *Una* and see the girl become a debutante sensation of the season.

In the end, as had been obvious to Mr. Novello and almost every one else, *Una* and *Lady Mary's* son, *Tim*, elope. The sheep magnate and the disdainful *Lady Lilian* plan to marry and *Lady Mary* herself prepares for a world cruise with *Mrs. Pidgeon*.

"Her every resource she brings to it," writes Robert Garland of Miss Anglin in the New York *World-Telegram*. "Her sense of theater, which is inborn and dependable; her technique, which is secure and flawless; her charm, which is unforced and inexhaustible; her heaven-sent ability to act circles around the personality girls of a younger on-stage generation.

"These things are a boon to the new arrival at the very theater where, many a year ago, Miss Anglin made her first appearance on any stage as a member of the Empire Theater Dramatic School.

"But, good as they are, they are not good enough to disguise the fact that 'Fresh Fields' would be badly off without them."

* * *

"Mercy-Killing" Drama

Dramatists are quick to seize a turn in the news. It will not be long, of course, until a play is written around the current theme of the dental pain desensitizer. As it is, the dramatists already are writing plays about so-called "mercy killings" by nurses, distraught wives, and harried daughters of pain-crazed victims.

The first of these is presented, curiously, by Ed Wynn, stage and radio comedian, who makes his producing début with "Alice Takat," originally Hungarian and now Times Square.

It is cozily believed that every buffoon yearns to be *Hamlet*. That possibly being true, there is nothing fantastic in the spectacle of Mr. Wynn, the self-styled Perfect Fool, indulging himself in a dour, remorseless story of murder by medical science.

Alice Takat is a physician. One of her patients, a man, is writhing in incurable pain. Mercifully, she gives him an overdose of morphin, killing him.

Her act is discovered, but she is shielded from guilt. A man who loves her takes the blame and is sent to prison. While he is there she meets another man. The doctor who took the punishment for her suddenly is pardoned and comes out to find *Dr. Takat* interested in another person.

And, thus, a perfectly reasonable, perhaps commanding treatment of the "mercy-killing" theme is allowed suddenly and capriciously to swerve from its course and into muddled romantic nonsense.

Mady Christians, in the title rôle, was unable to keep the play in balance, adroit as she is, and it soon bogged down.

Most of the critics condemned it forthrightly, reporting that when it stumbled away from the theme it ceased to be a cohesive, important play.

Uncaptured Play

"It is something that should be discussed," says Lewis Nichols in the New York *Times*, "and 'Alice Takat,' after a fashion does so. But the sundry matters that come between the play and its excellent idea raise havoc with the whole; interest lags and the somber lute suddenly bursts into a giggle.

"The authors—José Ruben and Dezso Szomory—could not prove their characters, and so the question was left undecided. When *Dr. Takat* put to death her friend who could not be cured, there was the premise that the death would have great effect on those who lived; and the argument was not carried out."

John Harkins, in the New York *American*, complains, and justly, of the way the play capriciously sets up serious thought and then destroys it with frivolous humors:

"Given a first act in which a woman physician commits a mercy killing in a hospital, the play still finds time before the first curtain for a gag flirtation between an interne and a nurse. . . . Given a second act in which other serious matters demand attention, 'Alice Takat' still finds time to have a musical-comedy character of a father taking up the stage while he borrows coins from his doctoring daughter's friends and patients."

Clarence Sinclair Bull Photograph

Mady Christians, a "mercy killer" in Ed Wynn's first production, "Alice Takat"

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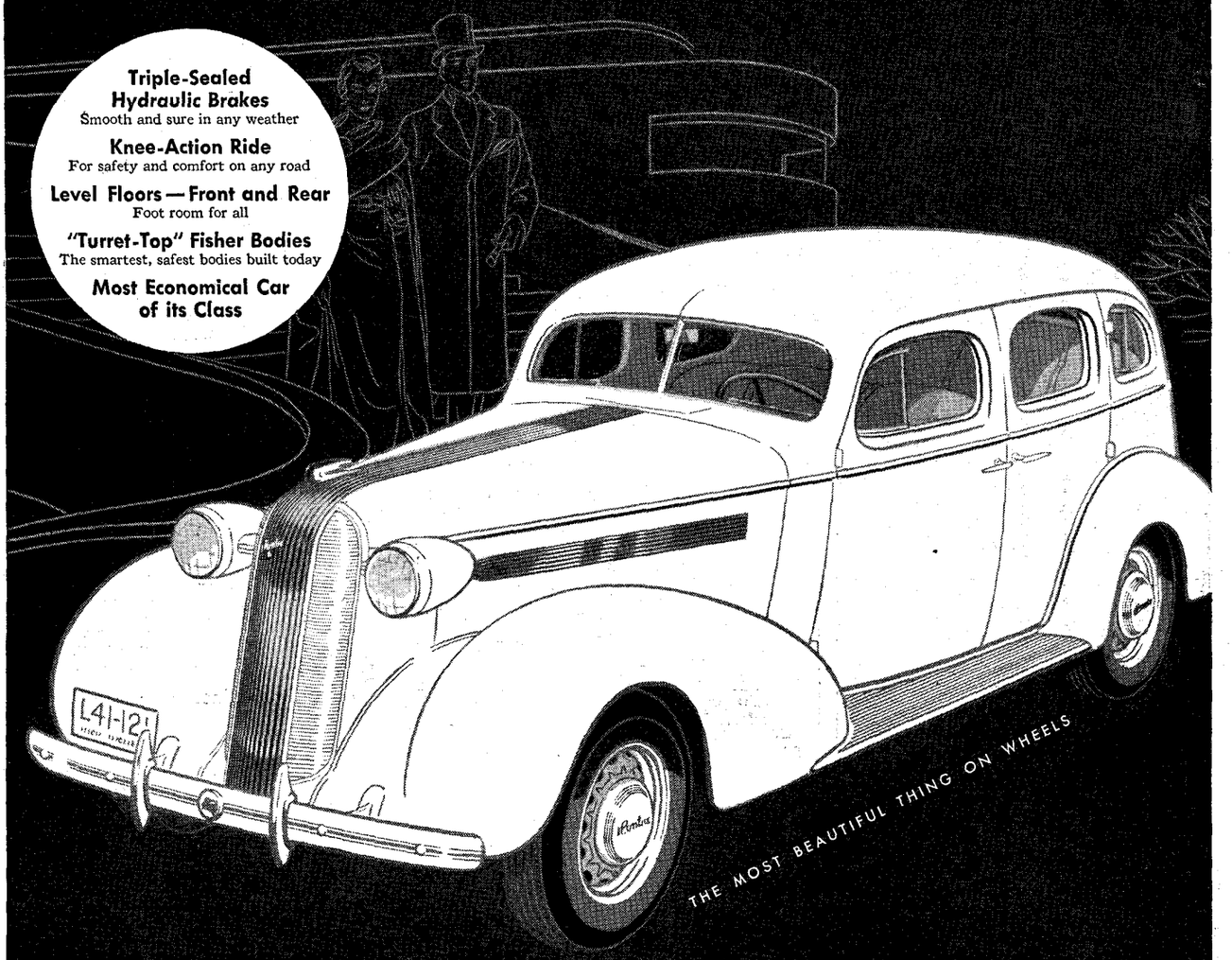

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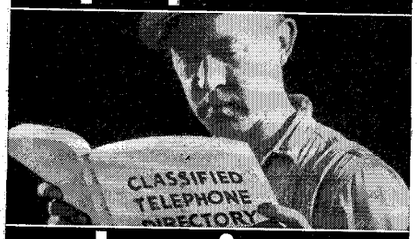

buying

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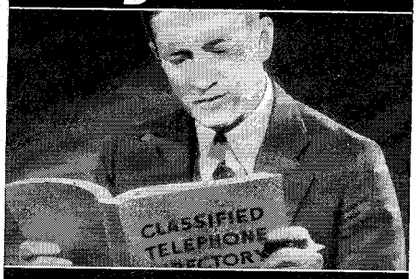
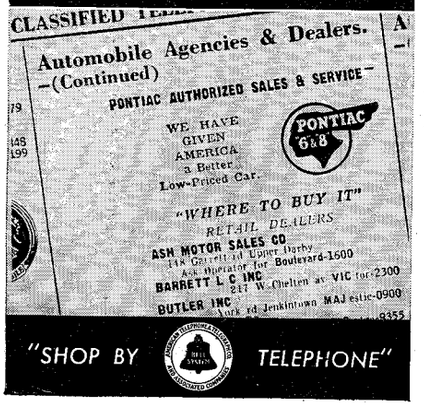


PEOPLE everywhere use the classified telephone directory to save time and trouble when buying. They use it to locate the nearest dealers of advertised brands . . . They use it to get exactly what they want, whether product or service —when they want it.


On the Current Screen

Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by THE LITERARY DIGEST Screen Editor.

AAAA—"A Tale of Two Cities"; "The Story of Louis Pasteur"; "The Petrified Forest"; "The Prisoner of Shark Island."

AAA—"A Night at the Opera"; "The Ghost Goes West"; "La Maternelle"; "The Milky Way."

AA—"Hands Across the Table"; "Frisco Kid"; "If You Could Only Cook."

The ratings are *AAAA*, Excellent; *AAA*, Good; *AA*, Acceptable, and *A*, Poor.

In Hollywood, a bright scenarist knows the answer when asked to name the greatest villain acting in motion-pictures. It is Death. Films in which the evil is brought about by death customarily are successful films. Death in units is excellent at the box-office. Death in squads and by whole armies is irresistible to audiences.

The gangster cycle and its disguised successor, the "G man" cycle, used death in scattered quantities. And then some one thought of war. The number of war pictures made in the last twelve months and still to be made is appalling.

One company alone—20th Century-Fox—made six war films out of ten productions. These were and are "Professional Soldier," "A Message to Garcia," "Under Two Flags," "The Littlest Rebel," "Wooden Crosses," and "The Prisoner of Shark Island."

New View of War

This last, because it opens a new view of the War Between the States and because it presents to the public a fairly closed chapter in that War, is high among the important war pictures. Darryl Zanuck, production chief of the studio, dug up the idea out of old records. The film will take its place up forward among the best cinema achievements of the year.

There lived, in Maryland, Dr. Samuel Alexander Mudd. To his house came a man with an injured leg, suffered, the victim said, in a fall from a horse. Doctor Mudd treated the injury and sent the patient on his way.

The man was John Wilkes Booth, who was crippled escaping after the assassination of President Lincoln.

Doctor Mudd was arrested by the military authorities and subjected to court martial. There was ample evidence to show that Doctor Mudd was ignorant of Booth's identity or his crime. The court-martial judges, none the less, yielded to public hysteria and condemned Doctor Mudd to life imprisonment on a sun-tortured island of the Dry Tortugas, sixty-five miles off the Florida coast. A fortress was built there and it became a military prison, surrounded by a shark-filled moat, whence Fort Jefferson became known as Shark Island.

Doctor Mudd endured infamies on the island. His guards, believing him part of the Lincoln plot, subjected him to cruelties. An escape was thwarted. It was not until a plague struck the island and he toiled heroically to save officers and prisoners alike that he finally was delivered from the prison.

Violent and Relentless

It is a violent story, violently, relentlessly told. Warner Baxter in the name part gives one of the best performances of his long career and has the benefit of a cast obviously moved by the story they are enacting.

"The Prisoner of Shark Island" not only is historically important, but it is excellent entertainment.

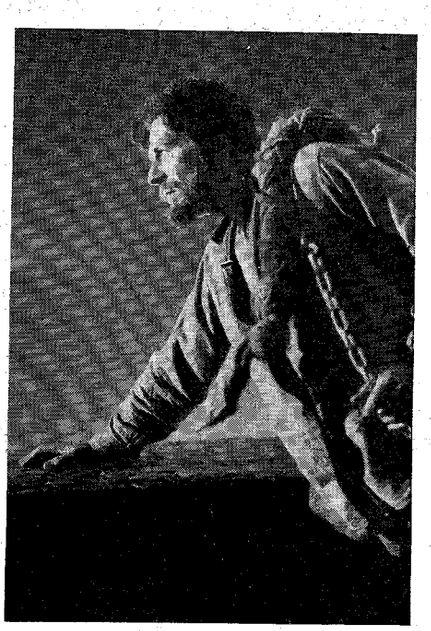
There is now, in the Senate, a bill to change the name of abandoned, crumbling Fort Jefferson to Fort Mudd. In the House, there is a bill to have the guilty verdict against Doctor Mudd expunged from Federal court-martial records. Lastly, it is comparatively well-authenticated that the expression, "His name is mud," derived from the censure heaped on Doctor Mudd at the time of his trial.

True to History

The picture follows the history of the case accurately.

"To many," writes Thornton Delehanty in the New York *Post*, "the idea of a dank, dreary prison, surrounded by a shark-filled moat, behind whose sweltering walls men labored under a tropical sun, weighted by chains, will seem incredible as an incident in American history.

"Hard to believe, too, will be the story that to this place men were sent after rigorous military trials, denied the rights to which their civilian status entitled them. We are accustomed to think of foreign penal colonies, such as Devil's Island, but how many Americans realize that we ourselves have had such a one?"



His name was Mudd: *Warner Baxter in "The Prisoner of Shark Island"*

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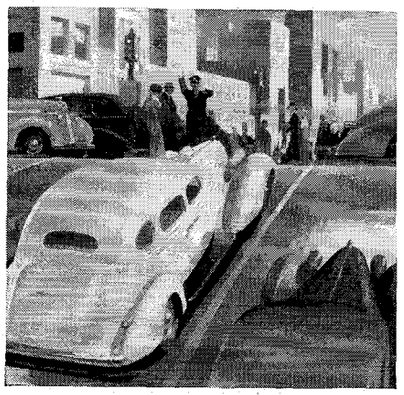

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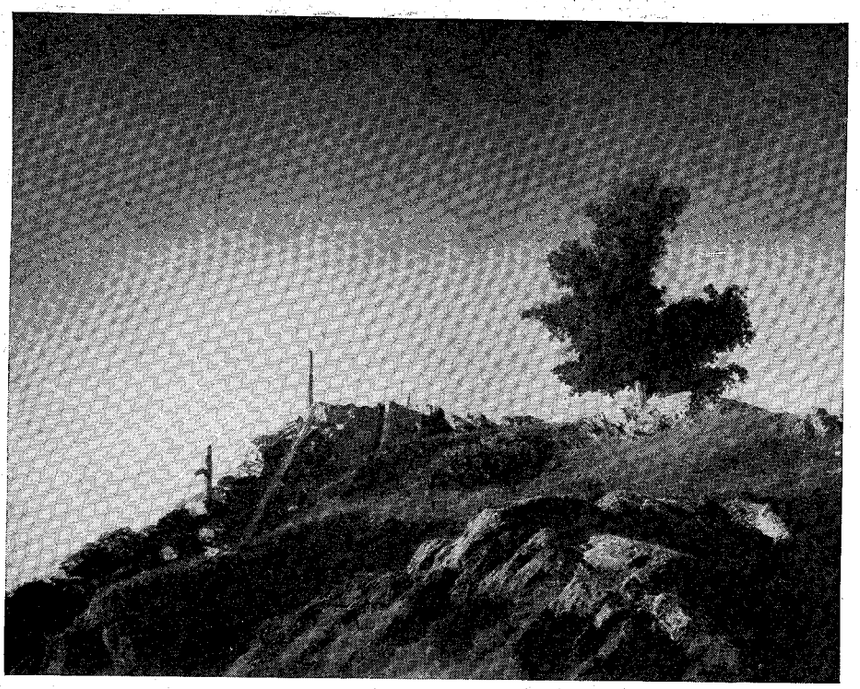


"Sugar Hill, Late Afternoon" is silhouetted against one of the "Parrish blue" skies

Parrish's Magical Blues

Artist's Brush-Strokes Create Spectacular Stage Effects

The Parrish family, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, were Philadelphia Quakers who believed painting was sinful. Stephen, a son, retreated to the attic to daub colors on canvas.

Stephen's son Maxfield, however, needed no such refuge. At five his father encouraged him to draw. At twenty-five a cover for the *Century Magazine* made him famous.

Last week New Yorkers viewed an exhibit of Parrish paintings, at the Ferargil Gallery.

Again critics noted, in the words of the New York *Times*, the "familiar meticulousness of craftsmanship, which involves invisible brush-strokes and the very last word in spectacular stage effects."

Ever-Deepening Blues

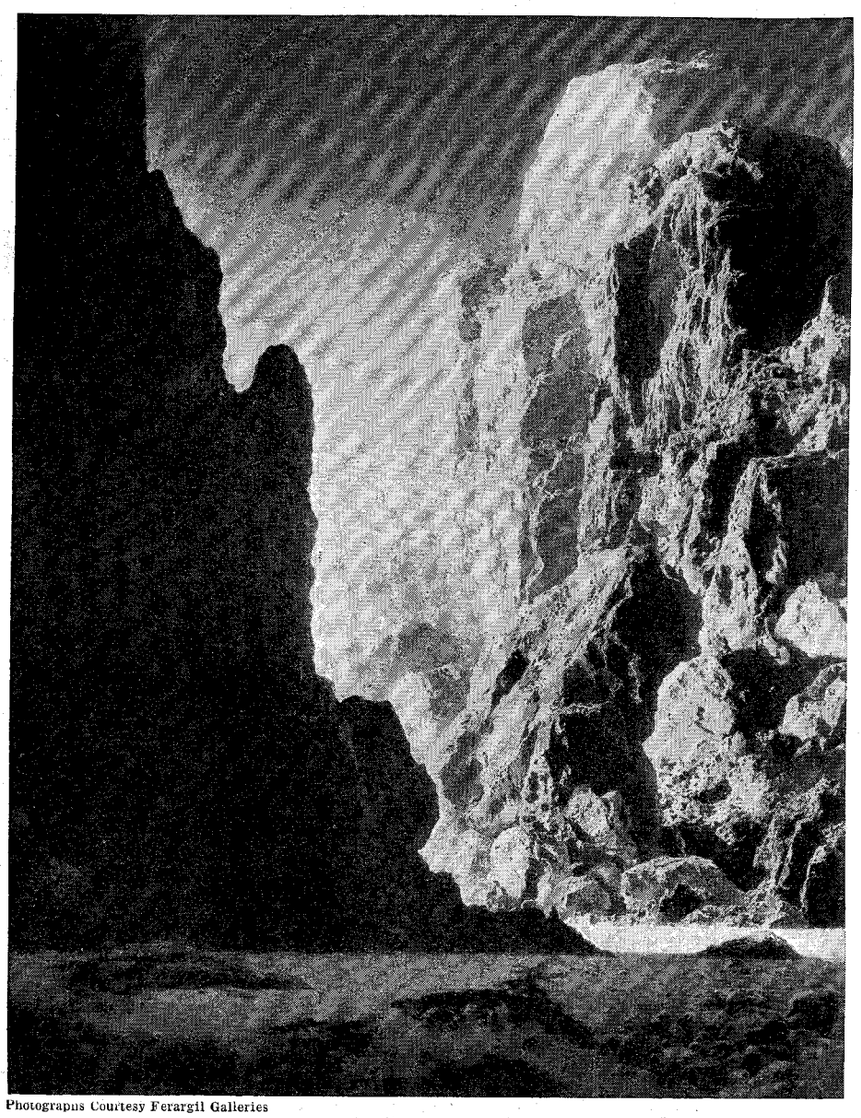
Again, too, they noted the amazing manipulation of blues which is the cornerstone of Maxfield Parrish's fame. His skies usually begin pale—almost white—at the horizon; then sweep up in ever-deepening blues until, at the top, they are as deep and rich as the zenith at midnight.

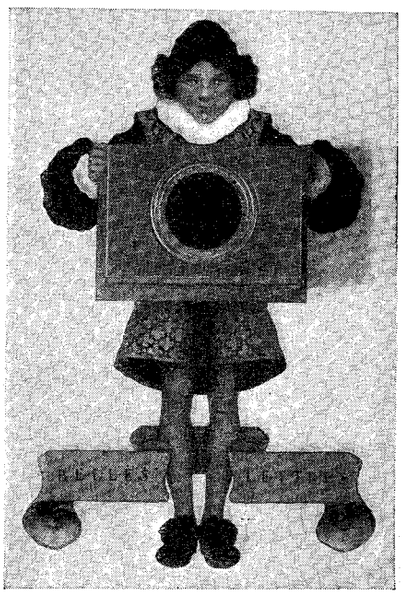
Parrish gains this effect, according to M. K. Wisehart, writing in the *American Magazine* some years ago, by painting on a white ground. He imposes a single color, generally ultramarine blue; and, upon that, transparent glazes of other colors.

"Colors are never mixed one with another," writes Mr. Wisehart. "Using them in their transparent state [Parrish] obtains depth and intensity to the fullest degree.

"When colors are mixed with white you get a surface quality, you look *on* them; whereas, in their transparent state, you look *through* them, as in the blue sky or distance.

Despite the early encouragement of his





Photographs Courtesy Ferargil Galleries

"Arizona," where Maxfield Parrish once lived; (right) *a product of the artist's palet: painted figure holds a wooden letter-box*

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father, it was only as an afterthought that Maxfield Parrish turned to painting. His first love was architecture. While studying columns and cornices at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, however, he changed his mind, went to Europe, and acquired the technique that made him famous.

Commercial Artist

His first success was the winning of a $1,000 prize. After instruction from Howard Pyle, the illustrator, he became a commercial artist. His advertisements for soap and automobile tires went everywhere.

Two winters passed in illness in Arizona left an abiding imprint on his work.

Otherwise, excepting for rare, short periods, Parrish has lived in Cornish, New Hampshire, where he made his home upon marrying at the age of twenty-five.

Now, at sixty-five, he rarely leaves his family, his studio, and his machine-shop. The shop is overrun with lathes, drills, chisels, and saws, used by Parrish for mending and puttering around the house.

In his spare time he tools letter-boxes, picture-frames, packing-boxes, knickknacks, and gadgets.

Once a visitor interrupted him while he was whittling wedges to keep the windows from rattling on wind-swept nights.

"What kind of wood are you using?" asked the visitor.

"Wedgewood," came the quick reply—typical of the Parrish brand of humor.

Above all things, he cherishes his privacy. Publicity he hates and he rarely allows himself to be photographed.

"I regard my privacy," he once said, "as one of the most sacred things I possess." Yet, only this month, he violated his customary practise, sent his photograph to the Chicago *Tribune*, and wrote a letter concerning his gift of a painting to Chicago's Vanderpoel gallery.

"Terrible" Portrait

Of his photograph, according to the *Tribune*, he wrote:

"It is terrible, but it is the only thing of the kind extant. It looks like some benevolent missionary in China, radiating sanctity and upliftingness to all in sight. But it can't be helped.

"I would not undergo the operation again for anything. There was no cocaine—nothing—and I had to look at a tack on the wall."

An observer, however, described him as "just what you'd expect a college president to look like: neither tall nor short, neither thin nor fat." To still another he seemed "slender of build, with alert, whimsical eyes . . . a man with that kind of gray hair which suggests eternal youth."

Writing a critical estimate of Parrish's work, Charles Fabens Kelley, of the Chicago Art Institute, says:

"Maxfield Parrish marks an epoch in American illustration and he is a consummate craftsman. He has humor and a sense for rich color. He can be witty in paint. His art is pleasant, solid as far as it goes, but not very deep. Limited tho his scope may be, nobody else has done quite what he has done."

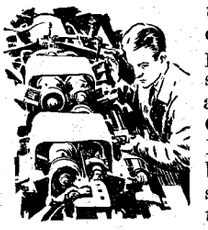
I was never so astonished in my life

By Ripley BELIEVE IT or NOT

I HAVE SEARCHED for strange and unusual things all my life but never have I been more astonished than when climbing from floor to floor in the Gillette Safety Razor Company in Boston during my recent visit there.

Yes, I've witnessed Black Magic underneath the tropical African stars—I've been astounded on the Yellow River by Chinese magicians, and I've watched the magic of the Hindus on the River Ganges, but I doubt if anything they did could equal the "Black Box" of Gillette, which I watched actually making steel "talk."

Messages relayed from this magic "Black Box" to a great battery of automatic switches, control the hardening of Gillette steel as it passes through electric furnaces. In effect, this amazing device makes steel "talk"—orders more or less heat in the furnaces as the condition of the steel demands. This results in constant uniformity in the steel—contributes in a truly remarkable way to the comfort you experience when you shave with the Gillette blade.



But that isn't all! I saw 4-ton blade sharpeners adjustable to 1/10,000 of an inch—I saw real diamonds used to measure the hardness of steel blades—I saw them sterilized with powerful antiseptic—I saw their sharpness measured by beams of light—I saw the steel "X-Rayed" by an amazing instrument that "sees" through metal, instantly detecting hidden defects.

To top it all, I saw the blades pass through 280 feet of sharpening surface that buffed them so incredibly keen and smooth shaving—so sharp that the cutting edges are *invisible*, Believe It or Not—and all to caress the chin of modern man!

And so I say that—just as the bristles of Buddha bowed reverently in contemplation 'neath the Bho Tree, and the Beard of the Prophet drooped devoutly five times a day in prayer—so should the clean-shaved chin of modern man give a nod each morning toward the Gillette factory in Boston. Yes—I would impress upon you that it behooves and becomes a man to shave himself with dignity—and the born-of-magic Gillette blade.

In view of these facts—facts that amazed even a "miracle hunter"—how can any man accept a substitute. Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

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News of the Book World

Pearl S. Buck's Portrait of Mother; "The Hurricane," Powerful, Moving Story; E. M. Delafield's Tragedy of a "Managing" Woman

The Exile. By Pearl S. Buck. 315 pp. (New York: Reynal and Hitchcock; $2.50.)

Carie would have rejoiced to read "The Exile," for in its pages Mrs. Buck sings all the songs her mother taught her, the burden of which is that the good life is the full life and that laughter is to be had by those who seek it and that the tears will take care of themselves.

For this philosophy, *Carie* had to put up a devoted fight; and she never lost it, even when in China as the wife of a missionary so wrapped up in the cause that he had forgotten, on the journey which was to be an austere honeymoon, to buy two tickets.

Altho Mrs. Buck's mother underwent a severe course in pioneering, it will be obvious to the reader that the children were shielded from its narrowing effects by the unquenchable Huguenot spirit bequeathed by a brave-hearted grandmother to a wise and earnest mother.

Thus, when in China, altho *Carie* schooled her children in the need to meet adventure with a resolute heart and will, for theirs was a China afflicted with strife, famine, and danger, there were always a neat flower garden and rimes and new hats and a thousand and one little gay details to remind them of what the sober-sides miss when they dedicate themselves to the unceasing endeavor which makes Jack, so even the copy-books admonish, such a dull boy.

Intimate Glamour

The story of *Carie* abounds in intimate glamour. A criticism of Mrs. Buck's Chinese women has been that they were white women disguised as yellow; that she has put into them what the white race reads into the races which have puzzled it.

There can be no such captious objection to "The Exile." Into its pages Mrs. Buck has poured a filial gratitude for a mother who so gallantly resisted having read into her the very opposite.

Carie exhibited the highest qualities of patriotism as she brought up her young brood in a foreign scene, American in those more deserving attributes which she so passionately believed were beloved by her countrymen. The States were remembered by this mother as a land which did not have the tatterdemalion seaports of the outer reaches of civilization; where order was law and good citizens warred upon dirt, and "Excelsior" was no strange device to its banners.

Written in the style in which so many have come to take pleasure, "The Exile" has the curious faculty of giving biography the appearance of fiction, so that the progress of *Carie* in the rearing of her family is a beguiling example of the story-teller's art. How, for instance, she circumvented a bloodthirsty Chinese rabble by bidding them to tea has all the pathos of the native wit of a hen-partridge faking a broken wing the while her chicks scuttle to cover.

Carie was soul and body of the American type which does not go to seed in exotic setting; but perhaps it would be even more truthful to say she was cousin german to the universal mother who, transported from the scene of her upbringing, so seldom fails to learn to fend for her young.

* * *

The Hurricane. By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. 257 pp. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company; $2.50.)

The savants appointed to keep the laity informed of such matters did well to thump their tubs in honor of "Mutiny on the Bounty," "Men Against the Sea," and "Pitcairn Island," for they thus put before us the results of probably the most excellent collaboration of our time. It was a collaboration so esteemed that even the academicians of the cinema allowed the Messrs. Nordhoff and Hall (see page 34) to relate their tale on the screen virtually as is, with a minimum of lily-painting by directors of a creative turn of mind.

They also prepared the way, did these scholarly fellows of criticism, for "The Hurricane," bright, powerful, moving fiction of the South Seas. It is a book so close to the scenes that it would transport across the Pacific those of us who go down to the sea in books and Lincoln Colcord, an acknowledged authority on Polynesia, allowed himself to indulge in critical ecstasies in *The New York Herald Tribune Books*, saying, "Many will weep over the story as they read, but weep to be uplifted."

Sharp Characterizations

The tale itself should be preserved in confidence between the authors and their readers. The elements from which the Polynesian is never freed, toss up in these pages sharp, clear characterizations of the sort which gratify a reader's acquaintance.

The Manukura settlement lives in the imagination. The French governor, *De-Laage*, and madame, his wife, and *Father Paul* introduce the white man's view-point into the affairs of *Terangi*, the native, and *Marama*, his mate; but the authors, close to the minds and fears and aspirations of the brown people, do not go native. They employ the West to throw into higher relief what lies behind the Far East, which is too often confused by us with copra, rice, and even more prosaic cargoes, such as soy-beans.

Nordhoff and Hall have put down on paper an hour-speeding tale of a land where it seems as natural as it is dreadful to lash terrified human beings to a purau tree, while the tempest howls about the church, and readers tremble for their heroes' safety.

* * *

Faster! Faster! By E. M. Delafield. 309 pp. (New York: Harper and Brothers; $2.50.)

Claudia upholding the world is the device the publishers have emblazoned on the

Dust jacket designs for Pearl S. Buck's "The Exile," and for "The Hurricane" (right)*, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall*

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jacket of what is easily Miss Delafield's cattiest and, therefore, most entertaining, novel. As a matter of fact, the way things turn out, it is only too apparent that *Claudia* has a genius for minding other people's business.

She is one of those excellent wives, mothers, and sisters who drive their families to distraction for the very best of reasons—their own good; and she is never to understand the human passion for self-determination, be it of small peoples or, for instance, of a husband.

Flaming Revolt

As *Anna* said, when at last she flamed in revolt and faced down this "good manager" who was her sister: "Aren't you, all day and every day, acting as the perfect, selfless mother, the sole support of them all, the woman who's gallantly working herself to death?

"I'll grant you that you've taken yourself in, pretty completely; I don't suppose you ever do see anything now, except just what you want to see. And you talk about facing facts and being honest with yourself!"

Claudia had a husband out of work, so she helped to run an employment agency. She bought back Arling, her old home; but it was to carry a mortgage. She was as efficient as most men wish their wives were; but by the same token, for all their admiration, men were wary of her. She meddled in *Anna's* life; she meddled in the affair of her daughter.

A Drive to Death

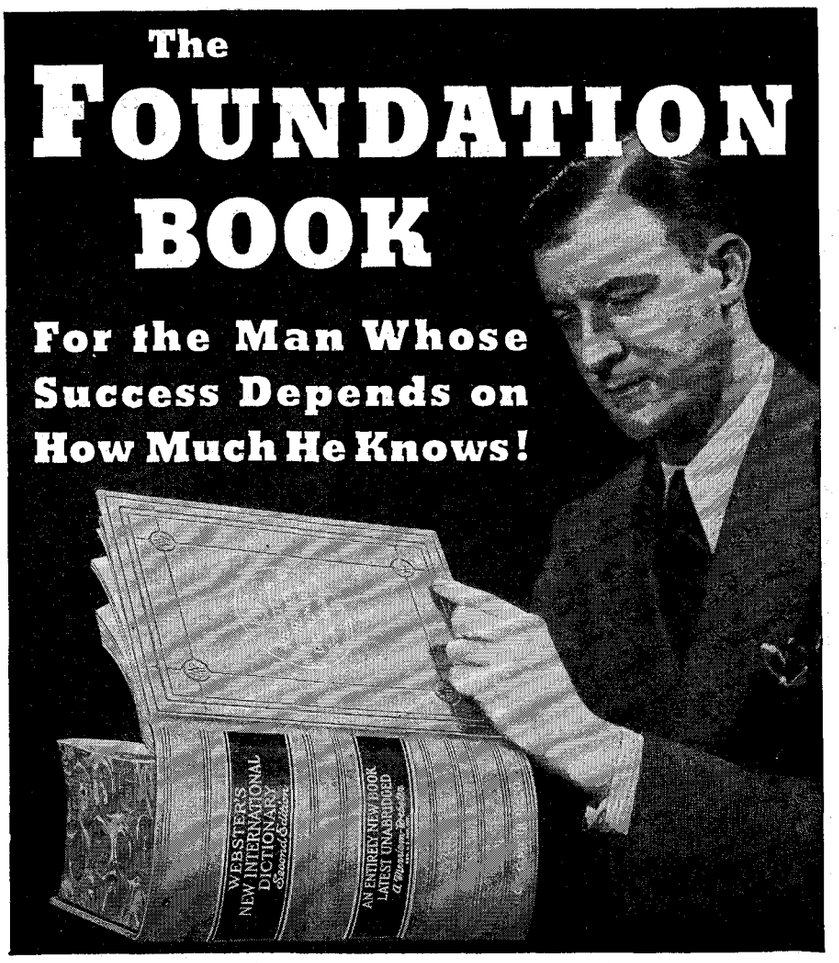
She literally drove herself to death, head-on, into a bus, while scheming what to do, now that *Copper* had a chance to be secretary of a club, so that he would probably want them to move in where he could at least be with them week-ends.

Miss Delafield would appear to attach a somewhat malicious moral to her story, to wit, that the *Claudias* are better dead than alive, for after the poor woman has been gathered to her fathers, we encounter *Copper* having a thrill as he reflects it is time to buy the boy his school outfit and that "he'd take *Maurice* there himself." He is even hoping, as he enters the house, that there will be a letter from *Frances Ladislaw* because she "had become by imperceptible degrees an important thing in his life."

In the end, *Claudia* would never have recognized the world she so bravely tried to uphold in the manner of a *Mrs. Atlas*, and which, with her hardly yet cold in the ground, so cheerfully fell apart, all the pieces happily going about their several ways.

You might say that "Faster! Faster!" is a study of the Little Martyr in the Home, a resolutely self-disciplined species so widely known that only occasionally does one recollect that this is an English novel. A good many are likely to agree, however, that small sympathy need be wasted on *Copper*, who, hating it, allowed himself to be managed.

Anna's rebellion showed the way to freedom; and in the last analysis, there is precious little organization without the consent of the organized, no matter how reluctant it might be.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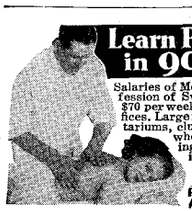

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Current Poetry

Unsolicited contributions to this department will not be returned. Unpublished poetry is not acceptable

DREAMS IN OLD EYES

By John Lee Higgins

Will you go back when you are stooped and old
To see the place you left at twenty-one;
To count the stones upon each little fold
Of greasy earth with withered flowers thereon?
To see the old home where you were begotten,
Your mother's garden climbing into bloom,
To lift the latch and see things long forgotten,
To wander to the attic and your room?

Will you go back when brittle bones are stiff,
To hunt the muskrat, set your rusty traps,
To taste the beach-plums, maybe row your skiff,
To see an ancient sweetheart, dead perhaps?
Will you go back and watch your dream decay?
Oh, keep it to the end, and stay away!
—From *"Gongs of Earth."*
(Bruce Humphries, Inc., Boston.)

PORTUGUESE FISHERMAN

By Margaret McGarvey

His rosary redolent of fish
Is twined about his horny hand,
With candles, casket, Sunday suit
He's anchored to an alien land.

All sea-roads led to Portugal
And so he'd known, beyond a doubt,
That Georgia was no place to die
But to command the price of trout!

From door to door he cried his wares,
Nor found the city streets too narrow,
Because he wheeled the sea about
Like supple silver in his barrow . . .

Now he who held his palm-strung catch
To charm the housewife's Friday eye,
Cannot leap out of Death's dark net
Back to the friendly sea to die!
—*From "Columbia Poetry."*
(Columbia University Press)

STORM

By Stanton A. Coblentz

For days the storm, with flying lines of rain,
And sleeves of vapor trailed along the breast
Of woods and mountains, seemed a fiend possessed
With zeal to smite this dripping earth in twain.
We saw the windy wrench and tug and strain
Of branches flapping; watched the charging crest
Of cloud that rode in twilight from the west,
And heard weird fingers tapping at the pane.

Then, with the sun, there dawned an altered world—
Crushed banks, and roads deep-gullied; toppled trees
Plucked by the roots in many a mud-washed spot.
Yet, where great logs and fallen boles were hurled,
Poppies, silk-petalled, lived to lure the bees;
And the sky-colored wild forget-me-not.
—*Trails.*

WHAT SHALL ENDURE?

By J. C. Lindberg

The poet squanders time in idle dreams,
While men rear towers, or build a Chinese Wall.
The world is troubled, mad with hectic schemes—
The dreamer's song, perchance, outlives them all.
—*Pasque Petals.*

QUEST

By Mabel Posegate

The brown leaf by the road side bare
Dreams of departed May
And of the loveliness of days
That passed like queens away.

A breeze which late bore perfume sweet
Far down a sunlit hill
Now lifts the gaunt wet woodbine's arms
And taps upon my sill.

I understand the grief of leaves
And of the questing wind;
I muse on beauty, too, and search
For what I never find.
—From *"Once When Arcturus Shone."*
(Stephen Daye Press, Brattleboro, Vermont.)

WALK SOFTLY

By Myra Perrings

Walk softly to-day—
A dream is dead,
Beauty betrayed
For a loaf of bread;
The height and depth
Of a vision sold
For food and drink
And a piece of gold.

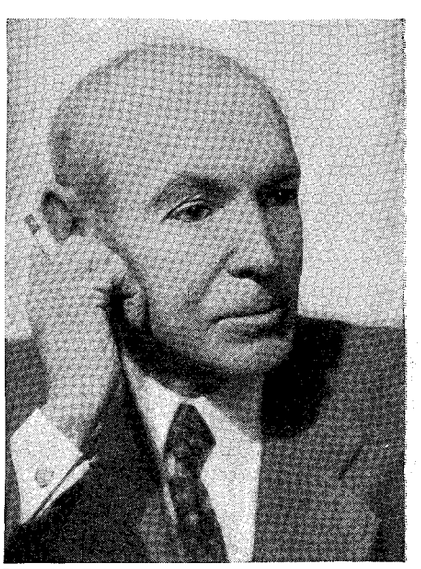
Walk softly to-day—
A dreamer's face
Has turned from his dream
To the market-place;
Wings exchanged
For feet of lead—
Walk softly to-day,
A dream is dead.
—*Kaleidograph*

IN A STILL DISTANT DAY

By Frances Revett Wallace

You said you could not wait through days and years
For our bright future which might never come,
And therefore you would go away . . .
In those few measured words
Time, fate, and all eternity
Ticked like a giant clock.

Now, having gone beyond the stage of tears,
I think my heart, which for a while was numb,
Will find, in a still distant day,
The peace that weary birds,
Circling the blue infinity,
Find on some sea-washed rock.
—*Westward.*



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John Lee Higgins who in his book "Gongs of Earth" strikes many musical notes

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The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

autarchy.—"N. A.," Albany, N. Y.—This word is not obsolete. It is defined: "1. Absolute rule or sovereignty; unrestricted power; autocracy. 2. Self-government." It is pronounced *o'tar-ki*—*o* as in *or*, *a* as in *artistic*, *i* as in *habit*.

ei, ie; lien.—"R. E. E.," Jamaica, N. Y.—The digraph *ei* is pronounced (1) as *e* in *deceive, receive*, etc.; (2) as *e* in "*they*" in *eight, freight, neighbor, rein*, and *veil*; (3) as *e* in "*pen*" in *heifer*, and (4) as *i* in "*habit*" in *foreign, forfeit, surfeit*. When *ei* or *ie* has the sound of *e* in *me*, the usage may be distinguished as follows: After *c* the combination is *ei*, as *ceiling, perceive, receipt, receive*. After another letter than *c*, the combination is *ie* as *believe, grieve, reprieve*. Exceptions: *ancient, deficient, efficient, financier, leisure, proficient, seize, species*, and *sufficient*.

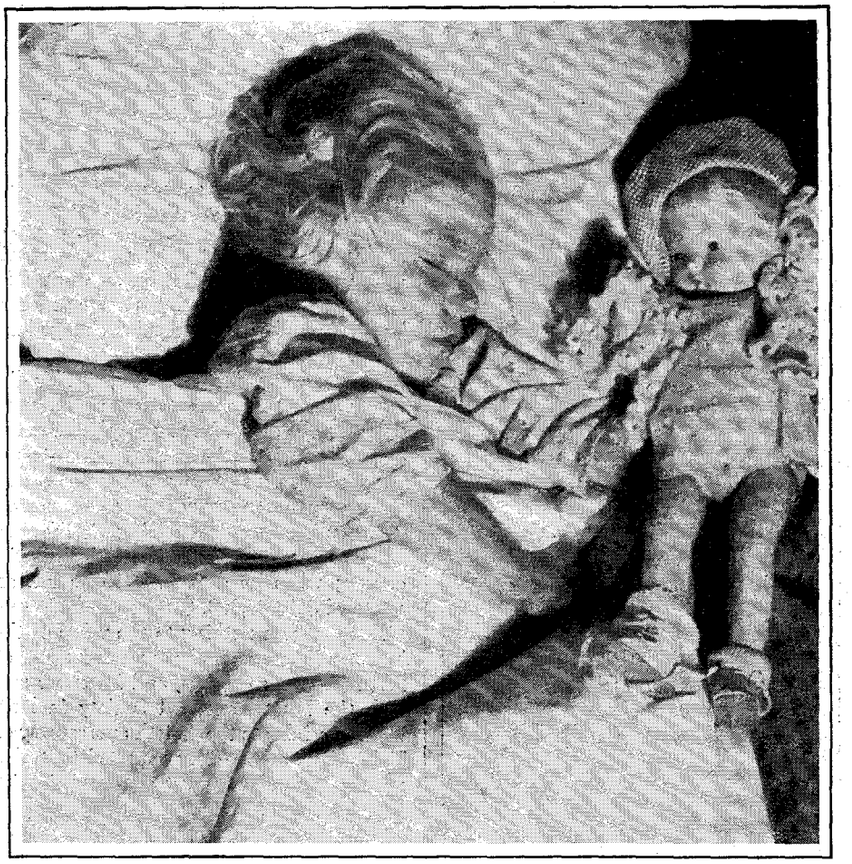
The digraph *ie* is usually pronounced as *e* in *bee*, or *i* in *machine*, but also has the sound of *e* in *moment*, as in *patient*, and *i* as in *pin*, as in *sieve (siv)*, and of *i* in *pine*, as in *pie*. Followed by *u* or *w*, it takes the diphthongal sound heard in *purlieu* and *view*.

The word *lien* is pronounced either *li'en* or *lin (i* as in *police*, *e* as in *get)*. The pronunciation *lai'an (ai* as in *aisle*, *a* as in *final)* is common in Scottish law.

hobo-jungle.—"J. J. G.," Phoenix, Ariz.—In the cant of the American hobo, or professional tramp, the word *jungle* means a camp. Hence, the compound *hobo-jungle* means, simply, a camp of hoboes.

The origin of *hobo* is not known, beyond the fact that it seems to have been of American origin and employed at least as early as 1891. Nor can the use of *jungle* for camp be definitely ascribed. The term as ordinarily employed means a forest or the like choked with underbrush; hence, an impenetrable thicket. Possibly, a practise of establishing a hobo-camp in a site difficult or inaccessible to the police may have led to its designation as a *jungle*.

interview.—"R. V. P.," South Bend, Ind.—Altho the very derivation of the word *interview*, a seeing between, should have limited its application solely to face-to-face conversations, and was necessarily so used in the past, the advent of the telephone and of other media of conversation or rapid interchange of thought have introduced an extension of the meaning of the word. To-day, an *interview* may be carried on between two persons who have never seen each other, and it may be by telephone, by radio, or even by telegraph or mail. Consequently, to indicate that an *interview* is exactly that, it has become customary to label it "personal."



Lullaby

To sleep, her parents now pay one third less

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Questions, answers

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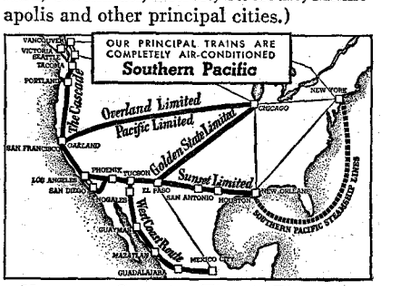

NOTE TO CAMERA FANS: *The above photograph was taken with a Zeiss Contax miniature camera, f 1.5 lens, aboard Southern Pacific's Cascade en route to Portland. Three exposures were made with small flash bulbs without awakening the child.*

Southern Pacific

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Science and Medicine

"Metal of Clay" Remaking World

Aluminum Was Rare and Costly Century Ago; Plentiful Now, It Makes Air-Planes and Stream-Lined Trains Possible

Fifty years ago next week a slender, serious, twenty-two-year-old boy, working in the wood-shed of his father's home at Oberlin, Ohio, made a discovery that changed the world.

He was Charles Martin Hall, and his discovery was a cheap way to make aluminum, a problem that had baffled graybeard scientists for a generation. Modern air-transports, stream-lined trains, automobiles, and a score of other industries owe a debt to Hall that was partly repaid during his lifetime. He was penniless when he made the discovery; when he died in 1914 he left an estate of $30,000,000.

But that was nothing to the value of the industry he created. Last week leaders of that industry, scientists, and inventors met with the Electrochemical Society in New York to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of Hall's discovery. They reported that aluminum is used in twenty-seven major industries, from aircraft to textiles, and predicted that aluminum alloys will make possible huge metal-clad air-ships and transoceanic rockets.

Some remembered that aluminum was a semiprecious metal before Hall discovered his process.

Once Costly as Gold

"Less than a century ago," reported H. W. Magee in *Popular Mechanics*, "aluminum was . . . as costly as gold. In 1852 it was quoted at $545 a pound. In 1879 an American purchased a pair of opera-glasses in Paris and the jeweler offered an aluminum or platinum mounting for about the same price. The purchaser took aluminum—and lived to regret it. . . .

"A Frenchman, Henri Sainte-Claire Deville . . . produced a few bars of the metal and exhibited them at the Paris Exposition in 1855. Napoleon III had a happy thought. Why not equip an army with this light-weight metal?

"He ordered Deville to turn out aluminum. Deville produced some. There was just one trouble with it. It cost a lot of money. So Napoleon contented himself with aluminum buttons for his uniform and a set of aluminum forks and spoons which he offered grandly at dinners to those in favor at the moment. Less-honored guests were forced to eat with Napoleon's plain gold and silver tableware."

Aluminum was not expensive because its "ores" were rare. Every clay-bank is a "mine" of the metal. It is one of the commonest in the earth's crust. But it does not yield to any ordinary smelting methods, and can be separated only by electricity from the oxygen with which it is combined.

Young Hall, the son of a Congregational minister, knew that many others had tried to use electricity, but with small success.

The inventor began his research in a top-floor bed-room, but after he had set fire to the house, his father suggested the wood-shed.

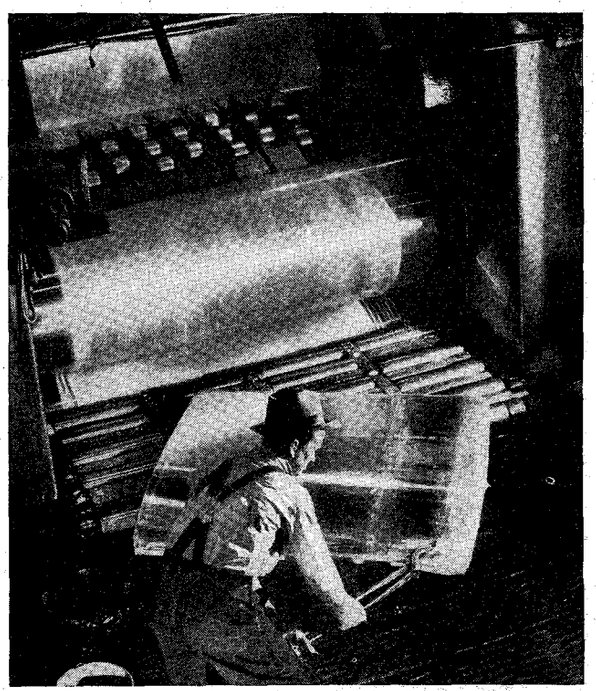
Precious Beads

It was on the morning of February 23, 1886, that Hall found the first beads of aluminum in the bottom of his crucible. Across the ocean, a young Frenchman, P. L. T. Heroult, also twenty-two, made the identical discovery two months later. The millions of pounds of aluminum made annually in the world to-day are produced by the method Hall and Heroult introduced.

Since then, alloying aluminum with other metals has greatly increased its usefulness.

"Between 1920 and 1935," writes W. S. McArdle in the *Scientific American*, "there were astonishing strides in the development of aluminum. Scores of new alloys appeared. . . . Tensile strength was increased to a point equaling that of structural steel, and rapid strides were made in the development of corrosion-resisting alloys.

"But the ultimate is by no means in sight; the future will see aluminum alloys with still better properties."


Courtesy Aluminum Company of America

One stage in the making of aluminum—the rolling process

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Wonderland of Button-Pushing

Visitors to Museum See a Touch Run Air-Plane, Ship, or Locomotive; Non-Scientists Get Insight Into Electricity's Workings

In the midst of ear-shattering New York there is an oasis of peace for nerves jangled by a mechanical world. It is the New York Museum of Science and Industry. Life is delightfully simple there. You just press a button.

Hundreds of mechanical exhibits in the Museum leap to life and go through their paces when their buttons are touched. Wandering in from the street, any one can experience the thrill of piloting an airplane, of standing on the bridge of a ship and operating the navigation instruments, of igniting life in a giant model of the old Stephenson *Rocket,* one of the earliest successful locomotives, or of setting the twenty-foot fly-wheel of a Corliss engine humming.

Last week this Museum, the oldest of its kind in America, entered a new phase of existence by moving to Rockefeller Center. More space there enables its directors to add to the number of exhibits, and to care for even larger throngs than have visited it during the last dozen years.

Transatlantic Candle

The reopening was an international occasion. In London, on the desk in the Royal Society where Michael Faraday a century ago worked out the relation between electricity and magnetism, the President of the Society, Sir William Bragg, lighted a candle. Its light affected a photoelectric cell, which flung a pulse of radio waves across the Atlantic. In New York they were used to light a Stopper lamp, one of the earliest kinds of electric bulbs.

This light, in turn, threw delicate switches, and sent humming current into huge banks of tubular mercury lamps on either side of the Museum's entrance.

Bathed in the illumination, two Nobel Prize-winners, Dr. Albert Einstein and Dr. Harold Clayton Urey, praised the idea of a Museum where people can see what makes the world around them go. Another, Dr. Robert Andrew Millikan, spoke by radio from California.

Said Doctor Einstein: "Just ask a hundred men on the street what really happens in a telephone apparatus or a radio receiver, or how the electric current is produced which lights their home at night. Then you will see that most of them live like strangers in the world of the things entrusted to them. . . .

"With this I have already said why I consider the creation . . . of an institution like this Museum as beneficial and important. . . . Here one obtains an insight, based on immediate observation of facts, into the governing of the eternal interrelations of nature, on which all technical production is based."

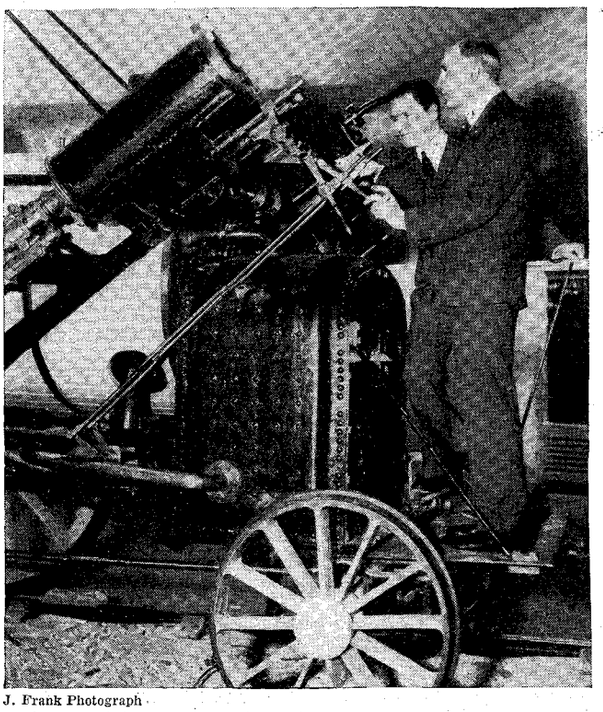
Experts Present

Beaming through the ceremonies, one of the most interesting figures present was Dr. Frank Baldwin Jewett, President of the Bell Telephone Laboratories. As President of the Museum, he will now tackle the job of explaining to the man in the street the intricate workings of the modern mechanical world.

"The idea of the science museum is still in its infancy here," said *The Technology Review* recently. "In Europe, it is very old. The Musée des Arts et Metiers in Paris really began in 1782. . . . The Science Museum in South Kensington, London . . . opened in 1857. . . .

"It is in the Deutsches Museum at Munich, however, that Americans have found their principal stimulus. This Museum, the greatest of its kind in the world, is the work of one man, Dr. Oskar Von Miller, who proposed the original plan in 1903, and lived to round out the collection."

The two other science museums in this country are the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, opened in 1934, and the Julius Rosenwald Museum in Chicago, occupying the reconstructed Fine Arts Building of the Century of Progress Exposition. The New York Museum is the oldest. It was founded in 1927, with an endowment in the will of Henry R. Towne, wealthy lock manufacturer.



J. Frank Photograph

At the New York Museum of Science and Industry: Dr. Frank B. Jewett, President, and Nelson Rockefeller, a trustee (left), *examine an early locomotive exhibit*

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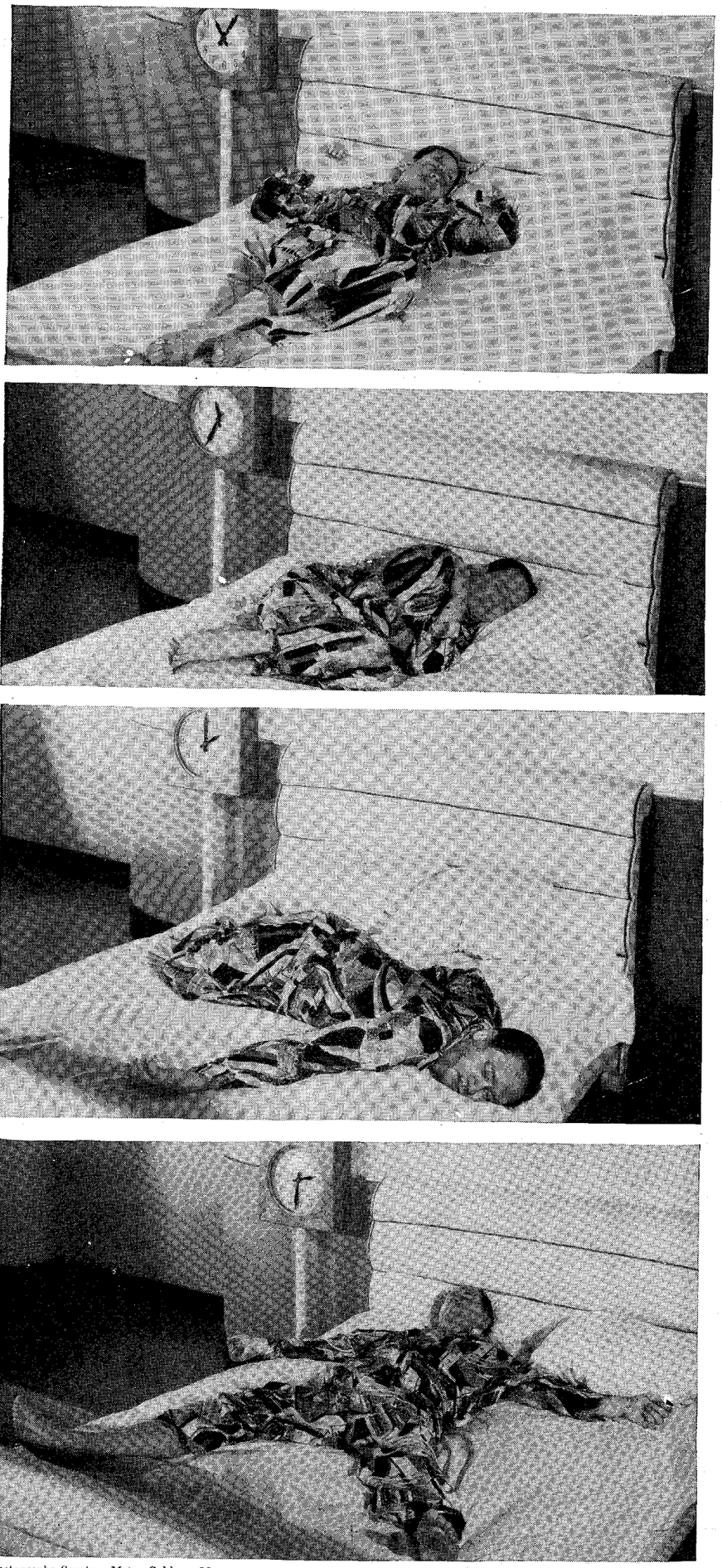

Photographs Courtesy Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

How to sleep: Robert Benchley presents his own answer to a difficult technical problem; starting experiments at 11:05 P.M., he falls asleep exhausted, at 2:30 A.M.

Advice to the Sleepless

Laboratory Tests Evolve Ways to Relax in Keyed-Up Age

People who have difficulty sleeping are in eminent company, remarks Dr. Donald A. Laird, Psychologist of Colgate University, in the February *Rotarian*.

One well-known bad sleeper, this authority says, is former President Hoover.

"While he was in the White House, he was usually in bed by eleven o'clock. . . . But four hours after going to bed, almost without exception, he would switch on the lights and read for two hours or so. . . .

"Jimmy Durante, the comedian, worked so many years in night clubs that now he cannot go to sleep before 2 A.M. . . .

"Bob Davis usually awakens at 2 A.M., and Theodore Dreiser, another ex-newspaper man, often awakens at 3 A.M. and stays awake for two hours."

Of all the disturbers of sleep, the most wide-spread and insidious, Doctor Laird finds, is residual excitement from the previous day and evening.

Left-Over Excitement

"This left-over excitement is probably greater now than at any previous time in history. We are too 'keyed-up' during the day to relax when we go to bed, unless we learn how.

"We can, by effort, learn to go to sleep at will. . . . John Wesley could sleep while making his pilgrimages on horseback. The poet Shelley and the Emperor Napoleon could also go to sleep at will, by using a sort of self-hypnosis. We can turn on sleep, as an electric light is turned on, but we can't do this until we rid ourselves of left-over excitement. . . .

"There should be some mental preparation for going to sleep. . . . A few minutes of deep breathing in front of the opened bedroom window will work wonders to cool off both body and mind. A tub bath, with water at from 98 degrees to 102 degrees Fahrenheit, staying quietly in the tub for five minutes or longer, will also help in eliminating residual excitement."

Above all, says Doctor Laird, don't take sedative drugs. If you really need these your physician should be directing you.

Factors outside ourselves, such as unusual noises, badly-fitting nightclothing and squeaky, lumpy, or uncomfortable beds, contribute to sleeplessness, says Doctor Laird. In his famous sleep laboratory at Colgate University, where hundreds of students have slept under various conditions to yield information for the nation's non-sleepers, Doctor Laird has found that cold feet bar sleep, too.

There are times, however, when even the most scientific ways of producing sleep fail, as even Doctor Laird will admit. Robert Benchley, author and actor, recently burlesqued the better-known methods of coaxing sleep, in a hilarious short motion-picture called "How to Sleep."

Tho he tried all the methods, Mr. Benchley didn't get to sleep until exhaustion claimed him, at 2:30 A.M.

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Education

"Brisbaning" Lippmann

Creating "Laboratory of Readability" for Simple, Direct English

Lyman Lloyd Bryson is a ruddy, shake-haired college professor who rejoices in talking to the common man. He has done it for many years. Now he wants the common man to talk for himself, and, principally, read for himself.

Professor Bryson is in the Department of Education, Teachers College, Columbia University. As a result of a feeling for the need of a "common language" for difficult abstruse works, and sympathetic understanding from the American Association for Adult Education, he is deep in the work of bringing the water to the horse.

"Readability Laboratory"

He asked the Association for funds to develop writers for the common mass, composed of thousands of humans who never have read a book. He was promised $40,000 to create a "Laboratory of Readability." He has twenty writers, some of whom get his idea, some of whom don't. His stars are a pulp-magazine author, a former advertising man, and a man working for a doctor's degree in English literature.

Altho the ultimate aim is to develop into simple, vigorous style rewritten versions of books on economics, sociology, political economy, and kindred bewilderments to thousands, he uses what has been done to the Declaration of Independence as a model.

The document begins, formally, thus:

"When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinion of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation."

When Professor Bryson and his creators of a language for the common man finished, it read thus:

"When for a long time two countries have been a part of the same government, and when one of these countries decides to break away and take its rightful place in the world as a separate nation, men and women everywhere will want to know why this has been done. Out of respect for the opinions of mankind, the reasons for the separation should be made public."

"You see," Professor Bryson told the New York *World-Telegram*, "it is not a mere matter of using shorter words, shorter sentences, shorter paragraphs. It reaches deeper than that. It is a matter of developing a style so distinctive that as yet it isn't on the market."

A consistent pipe-smoker, Professor Bryson speaks, slowly, convincingly, of his project. It is difficult to find writers who can do what he wants done. He tells them he wants them to be able to "rewrite a Walter Lippmann editorial as Arthur Brisbane would do it."

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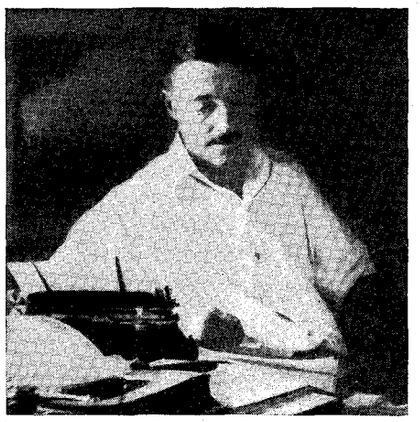
Nordhoff and Hall: Literary Twins

Authors and Gentlemen of Fortune, They Live on South Sea Island; Collaborations Are Best-Selling Books and Movies



Courtesy H. W. Wilson Company; From "The Junior Book of Authors"

"Lean, keen": James Norman Hall, with his children, and (right) *Charles Nordhoff*

Two men met up one day in the Lafayette Escadrille in France, back in World War time; two lean, keen young men, with courage.

They were Americans, tho one had been born in England, and they had certain things in common, aside from their grit. Both had been born in 1887. Both were contributors to *The Atlantic Monthly*. Both were destined to become famous, and almost legendary: Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, authors and gentlemen of fortune.

Hall had been in Kitchener's "Contemptible Little Army." Nordhoff was a graduate of the ambulance service. Because of the high emprise of army flying in those days, the two joined the Escadrille.

Of them Ellery Sedgwick, Editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, said in his foreword to their first smash-hit book, "Mutiny on the Bounty":

"Both distinguished themselves. Were I to lay stress on their military records I should outrage the modesty of both, but, somewhere in Nordhoff's trunk, under a pile of dungarees, you will find a *croix de guerre* with star, and a citation which his children will preserve.

Pétain's Citation

"As for Hall, I will gratify him by passing over the words that Pétain wrote, but of the dead it is seemly to speak with living praise, and I am justified in recording that during one of his temporary deaths Hall was thus praised in public by the General of the VIIIth Army:

"'*Brillant pilot de chasse, modèle de courage et d'entrain qui a abbatu recemment un avion ennemi, a trouvé une morte glorieuse dans un combat contre quatre monoplanes, dont un a été descendu en flammes.*' [Brilliant pursuit-pilot, a model of courage and spirit, who recently brought down an enemy plane, met a glorious death in combat with four monoplanes, one of which crashed in flames.]

"It is pleasant to remember that the writer of this sketch, mourning the same heroic death, was busily occupied in writing a memoir of the sort that might be well worth dying for, when he was interrupted by a cheerful letter from the resurrected one, who had, it seemed, just made his breakaway from a German camp."

When Nordhoff and Hall were mustered out of the Army, like many another, they began to wonder about the why of war—why nations blindly tossed admirable young lads onto bayonets, and before machine-guns and shrapnel, and into the flame of high explosive.

Advice Sought

Groping for reality among unreality, each, without the other's knowledge, wrote to Ellery Sedgwick, of *The Atlantic Monthly*, seeking advice. "Both had lived with intensity lives high above the conflict," says Sedgwick, "and, to both, the stridency, and (as they felt) the vulgarity of post-War civilization was past endurance.

"Each had ambitions, talents, and memories of great price. To transmute these intangibles into three meals *per diem* was the prosaic problem put up to me."

The meeting was a historic one. Plans were evolved for a miraculous work on the South Seas. The two adventurers decided to follow Stevenson's route, to live in the languorous loveliness of a tropic island, and to write salty tales.

The firm of Nordhoff and Hall was forthwith formed, with the aid of a receptive publisher, *The Atlantic Monthly:* its representative, Little Brown and Company of Boston, which has since published all their works, including "The Hurricane," now selling like the proverbial hot cakes.

Their first book was the official history of the Lafayette Flying Corps. Then came "Faery Land of the South Seas," and "Falcons of France."

But their real bid for undying fame was "Mutiny on the Bounty." Read by thousands, the romance was enjoyed by thousands more when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer brought it magnificently to the screen. "Mutiny" was followed by "Men Against the Sea," and "Pitcairn's Island."

They are both tall, rangy men. Hall is about five feet ten; Nordhoff a couple of inches taller. Hall was born in Colfax, Iowa, and educated at Grinnell College, from which he was graduated in 1910.

Nordhoff was born in London, of American parents. They brought him to this country when he was three years old. He obtained a B.A. from Harvard.

Nordhoff lists his hobbies as "ethnology and oceanic philology." He usually works five hours a day, from seven to noon. Afternoons he goes fishing.

Life in Tahiti

Both live in Tahiti, and have done so for some years. Each is married, Nordhoff to Pepe Tearai; Hall to Sarah Winchester. There are six children—four little Nordhoffs and two little Halls.

Hall likes to quote the poetry of Francis Thompson. "He keeps," says "Authors Today and Yesterday," by Stanley J. Kunitz, "a 'journal of sorts' in a long tin-lined box, using the box as a 'receptacle for the weekly accumulation of odds and ends from my pockets: memorandum-books, theater-programs, cards, book-catalogs, old letters covered with miscellaneous jottings. . . .'

"[He] calls himself a journalist, and most of his works have appeared first in magazine form. He says 'he has a high respect for the authentic followers of the art of literature,' but his attitude toward 'the great army of professed followers' is unsympathetic and humorous, as indicated in his essay, 'Cacoethes Scribendi,' which appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

"Of his two children . . . he writes, 'I am much prouder of these children than I am of the others, between the covers of books.'"

In the same publication, Charles B. Nordhoff speaks of himself thus: "I have never cared for games (golf, bridge, and such) but have, all my life, loved shooting, fishing, sailing, or traveling through wild country alone, or with a single companion.

"Anthropology interests me more than anything else; if I had my life to live over, I would do the necessary groundwork, and become a professed anthropologist. Next to the study of Man, I like the study of birds and fishes."

Self-Effacing Men

For all their meteoric success in the world of letters and romance, Nordhoff and Hall remain quiet, self-effacing men.

"James Hall and Charles Nordhoff," says Frank Lloyd, who directed "Mutiny on the Bounty" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer . . . "live in Papeete. Their mode of living is as strange as their system of collaboration. Hall lives at one extreme end of the tropical city, and Nordhoff lives at the other.

"Altho they are the best of friends, they never see each other except when working. I have actually seen them meet in the center of the town, greet each other, and throw their arms about each other as if they hadn't met in years. . . ."

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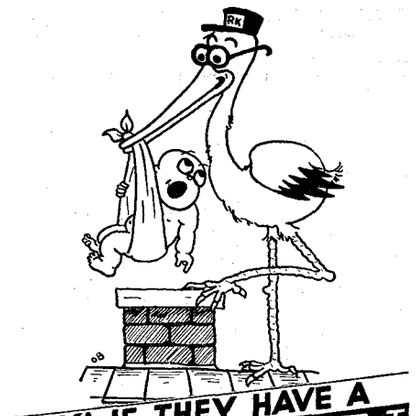

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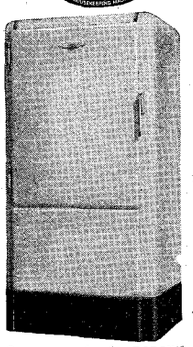

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"Dear Old George"

Secretary Dern Gives "Good, Honest Tone to Administration"

He knows how to give, and he knows how "to take it," and his life has been a series of hard knocks.

Born on his father's farm in Dodge County, Nebraska, on September 8, 1872, George Henry Dern ran into a great many of them at the University of Nebraska.

They were, however, somewhat different knocks from those he experienced later. He was a football-tackle, and the Nebraska team was pretty much the under-dog.

He knew little about the game, but he wanted to play. And Coach Jack Crawford desperately needed men to keep his team from being the "laughing-stock of the Missouri Valley Conference," as Vincent X. Flaherty once explained in the New York *American*. He gave Dern a chance.

Dern played, and made good. By 1894, curly-haired and mustachioed, Dern was captain and star tackle of the varsity. To-day, after a checkered existence, he is Secretary of War (see Page 18).

Charmingly Courteous

He is a charming, courteous, interesting person. Seeing him, it is difficult to believe that he once battled his way to prominence in the rough and ready career of mining in Utah. He was only twenty-two when he started. Seven years later, he was made General Manager of the organization which gave him his first job, the Mercur Gold Mining and Milling Company.

In 1914, he entered politics by being elected to the Utah State Senate on a fusion ticket. Four years later he was reelected on a straight Democratic ticket, and from 1925 to 1932 he was Governor of the State.

In 1929, writes "The Unofficial Observer" in the Washington *Post*, Franklin D. Roosevelt met Governor Dern at a conference of Governors at New London, Connecticut:

"He was attracted by the genial wit of Gov. George H. Dern of Utah, and by their common point of view, that pleasant middle-of-the-road liberalism which looked like hot stuff in 1929.

Politician With Ideas

"For Dern was more than a machine politician. He had ideas . . . and altho he was little known in the East, was one of the few really big men in the Democratic Party at its low ebb."

Expecting to be Roosevelt's running mate, he was disappointed, but when appointed to the Cabinet, continues "The Observer," "'dear old George' bobbed up in Washington . . . charming and good-humored, giving a good, honest friendly tone to an Administration which contains more than its fair share of blue-jawed, iron-gutted men of action and ideas.

"Dern has no . . . tastes for action, but he is broad-jawed. His jaw is not set in the famed 'fighting face' of the political line-plunger, but is usually relaxed in a broad grin.

"God knows that there is always plenty in Washington to grin at. . . ."

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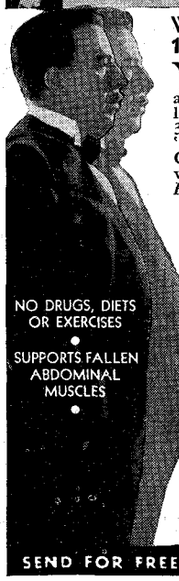

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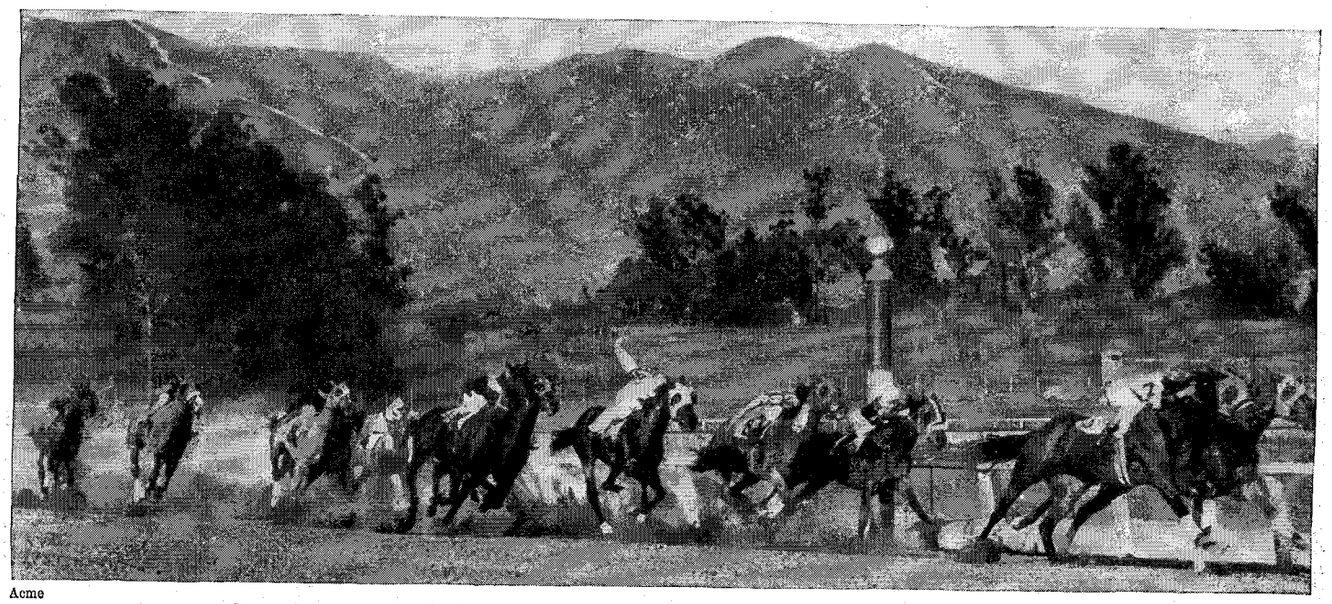

Acme

Roaring around the final turn at Santa Anita, a natural setting, which more than $1,500,000 and a huge purse for feature-stake have made one of the world's leading race-tracks

If anything could irritate a Florida partizan more than a favorable weather-report from California, it would be the thudding realization that the country's richest horse-race is being run this Saturday ten miles from the center of Los Angeles.

No other horse-race in America can boast the $100,000 "added" that falls into the lap of the owner of the horse taking the Santa Anita Handicap, feature of the fifty-eight-day meeting of the Los Angeles Turf Club.

This year, the second that the infant track has been in existence, the club adds $100,000 to the purse made up of the following: $100 for each subscription; an additional $250 to pass the entry-box the day before the race, and $750 to start. A special purse of $7,500 goes to the trainer of the winning horse, another $1,750 to the jockey.

Azucar's Victory

Last year, Azucar's victory over the mile and a quarter course netted his owner, young Fred M. Alger, Jr., of Detroit, $108,400, the largest sum ever won by a single horse in one race in the history of thoroughbred racing. The closest approach to this mark was the $105,730 won by Whichone in the 1929 Belmont Futurity.

Last year, Omaha won $39,525 by taking the Kentucky Derby for his owner, William Woodward, proprietor of the Belair Stud.

Santa Anita plucks its name from the fact that it occupies part of the lands once embraced in the Santa Anita Rancho of Elias Jackson ("Lucky") Baldwin, who owned and raced four winners of the American Derby. To-day the four horses—Volante, Silver Cloud, Emperor Norfolk, and Rey El Santa Anita—lie buried under a stone cross on the Santa Anita grounds.

Santa Anita was built, following legalization of *paris mutuels* in California, at an initial cost of $1,250,000. The first meeting was so successful that the promoters poured $275,000 into improvements.

To-day, Santa Anita, drenched in the beautiful surroundings of the Sierra Madre Mountains, is considered one of the world's finest race-courses.

Acme

A. G. Vanderbilt's Discovery, one of the favorites

What it lacks in tradition, it has in luxury. Jealous San Francisco sports-writers have criticized the Southern California plant for its "rank commercialism." For their pannings, Los Angeles journalists have exchanged "Pooh-poohs."

Salvator, noted turf-expert, scolded, in *Horse and Horsemen:* "It is such things as the Santa Anita handicap that the American sporting public has been educated to expect and demand. . . . Mushroom growths, which attain gigantic proportions overnight, have no real place in the scheme of things.

"Will there be such a thing as a Santa Anita handicap, worth nearly $110,000 to the winner, and grossing $125,-900, raced in this country ten, or even five, years hence? Few people would care to wager much upon it. By that time the novelty will have worn off, and we may be running to other fires."

Shrewdly promoted, the Santa Anita attracts the pick of the country's four-year-olds and upward. Last year, Twenty Grand, Cavalcade, and Equipoise went west for the Santa Anita, altho a converted steeplechaser won, and two non-favorites—Ladysman and Time Supply—finished behind him.

This year Cavalcade—virtually out of competition for a year after his championship record as a three-year-old in 1934—was nominated, along with Discovery, champion handicap horse of 1935, Time Supply, Top Row, which beat Discovery last year, Azucar, Ladysman, Head Play, Rosemont,

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and others. Trainer Bob Smith withdrew Cavalcade last week "because we couldn't get him in shape to win."

Until he was defeated recently in the San Antonio handicap at Santa Anita by Time Supply, Discovery was rated a heavy favorite. Last week, experts picked Time Supply and Top Row to fight it out with the Vanderbilt champion. Several Eastern experts favored Whopper to spring a surprize.

Cutting Field

"As far as the field for the February 22 race is concerned," Paul Lowry wrote in the Los Angeles *Times*, "it is rather definitely cut to a round dozen entries. The sound and solid horses are Discovery, Time Supply, Top Row, and Azucar. The remainder belong in another division.

"There are ex-cripples like Ladysman and Head Play . . . question-mark horses like First Minstrel . . . Rosemont . . . Flamenco, the English miler . . . and two or three entries with feather-imposts. The others in the original nominating list of eighty-two you can wipe out with a sweep of your arm."

Audax Minor, turf-writer for *The New Yorker*, picked Discovery:

"After all, he is the best horse. I don't believe those fast gallops have hurt him; he's a glutton for work, and needs a lot of it to wind him up. Obviously, Top Row is the one he'll have to beat."

Regardless of which horse wins, Southern California will not be the loser. Of that fact even the most rabid Floridian is grimly certain.

Olympic Wind-Up

Most of the two-man bob-sled competitors at the 1936 Winter Olympics paid $65 a set for their runners. Last week two stocky men from Keene Valley, New York, thundered down the treacherous slope at Garmisch-Partenkirchen to win the only United States victory on a pair of $2.48 home-made runners.

To an anxious wife in Keene Valley, Alan Washbond, general store proprietor and a member of the victorious United States team, cabled, "We brought home the bacon on the old tin runners."

To win the "bacon," Ivan Brown, guide, caretaker, and policeman, also of Keene Valley, drove their two-man bob down the 5,002-foot slope four times for an aggregate time of 5:29.29, leading the second place Swiss team by 1.35 seconds.

The previous record for the course was splintered twenty-two times in the four heats in what Albion Ross of the New York *Times* called "the most desperate struggle for places the Winter Olympics have yet provoked in the twelve years of their existence."

Hairpin-Hunter

Most superstitious of all bob-sled pilots, Brown hunts a hairpin a day. Last week he riveted his eyes to the crooked little streets of the Bavarian village, did not fail to find a hairpin for twenty-four consecutive days.

Not for luck, but speed, Brown shot down the slope goggleless—the only driver in the field who did. After exposing his eyes to a fifty-mile-an-hour speed, Brown explained: "Don't tell me those big, square goggles don't add wind resistance. I'll bet they would knock off one-hundredth of a second anyway, and we weren't passing up any hundredths in a race like that."

Before his winning performances, driver Brown was presented with a huge birthday cake—he was twenty-eight on Sunday—by his team-mates, who managed to find one pastry-cook in Garmisch who could write "Good Luck" in English.

U. S. Finishes Fifth

Neither cakes nor bacon went to the United States team as a whole, which finished fifth on the final day with a total of thirty-five and a half points. Bareheaded, Chancellor Hitler stood in the rain with 130,000 others while Birger Ruud scored Norway's final points, winning the ski-jump with a leap of 246 feet.

The games, which brought tourists and publicity to Nazi Germany, and second place in the scoring, wound up with a 1—0 hockey victory by Canada over the United States. As the Olympic flame, which had burned during the eleven-day meeting, died out, Hitler sent a letter of congratulation to Count Baillet-Latour of Belgium on the "brilliant success of the games."

Major point scores: Norway, 121; Germany, 57; Sweden, 49; Finland, 41; United States, 35½; Austria, 29½; Great Britain, 25. Poland finished last with two points.

* * *

Best Dog

For winning the highest honor of the year for thoroughbred canines, best-in-show at the Westminster's sixtieth annual show in New York, a large portion of the 13,000 spectators awarded boos to a sturdy little Sealyham terrier, Champion St. Margaret Magnificent of Clairedale.

No popularity contest, best-in-show was awarded by Judge Fred Neilson to the one dog of the six that faced him in the finals (gun-dog, hound, terrier, working dog, toy, and non-sporting) that had the best conformation for its breed. What few of the booers knew was that their favorite, Champion Milson O'Boy, the Irish setter, was once owned by Neilson, who has bred and owned enough red setters to know a good one when he sees it.

* * *

Comeback on the Boards

In 1932, Gene Venzke, lanky miler from the University of Pennsylvania, pumped his legs to a 4:10 victory in the Baxter Mile in New York City. It was a world record at the time, but Glenn Cunningham of Kansas beat Venzke at the Olympic tryouts the same year and in twelve subsequent meetings Venzke could not beat Cunningham to the tape.

Last week, Venzke, for whom New York galleries have been rooting for years, beat Cunningham in a blazing finish in the same Baxter Mile, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club, in 4:10.2. The Penn star shot a surprize sprint at the ninth lap and fought off two bitter challenges to come pounding home a winner by three yards.

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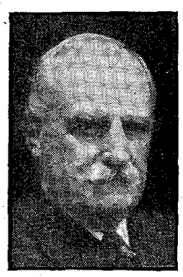

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Sport Shots

Perfect: Mrs. Floretta D. McCutcheon, chubby, gray-haired, world-champion woman bowler, scored a perfect 300 last week in an exhibition match in New York City. It was the tenth in her career. Millions shoot for a 300-score annually. Few make it.

* * *

Old-Fashioned: To reporters greeting him on his arrival from Florida last week, James J. Braddock announced he would return to the docks March 1 for six weeks of "walloping." He was a longshoreman at Weehawken, New Jersey, just before he lifted the heavyweight title from Max Baer last year.

"It's the kind of work a fighter needs," Braddock said, "and besides, I like it. It toughens you up, makes you hard and—er—I guess what I'm trying to say is, it keeps you humble."

"From time to time," Joe Williams wrote in the New York *World-Telegram*, "boxing critics utter emotional yearnings for an old-fashioned prize fighter.

"Well, Mr. Braddock is as old-fashioned as a mustache cup. He never posed as an authority on classical literature, he never went Hollywood in any sense, and he never tried to set an all-time high as a Broadway playboy."

* * *

Handicap: Sight is not wholly essential in sports. Last week five sightless bowlers held a team of sighted opponents to a sixteen-point victory and boys who could not see won chess and bridge matches from boys who have vision.

The tournament was run off by the New York Guild for the Jewish Blind. The matches were between teams of the Guild's blind and sighted teams from local settlement houses. The object of the tournament was to demonstrate to "the sighted world the wonderful adaptability of the blind."

Bowling equipment was standard except for a hand-rail to the left of the alley. After the first shot, the pin-boy called out what pins remained standing. The bridge was played with ordinary decks except that each card was embossed with Braille insignia. Each card was called as it was played and the dummy hand was recited several times during each hand. The white chessmen were differentiated from the blacks by tiny points on the upper surfaces. The touch of a sensitive hand was sufficient to tell black bishop from white queen.

* * *

Novelty: The Chicago White Sox provided major-league baseball news last week with the announcement that a woman scout—Mrs. Roy Largent—had been signed. Her husband is a scout for the same team.

Women reporters have covered baseball games regularly; a Washington scout once gave a girl pitcher a spring trial with a Chattanooga team (she once fanned the chivalrous Babe Ruth in an exhibition); a woman owned and operated the Cardinals about twenty years ago. But Mrs. Largent is the first "major-league bush-beater."

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Hoover as Investment Adviser

He Testifies as a Trustee on Safeguarding Income on Stanford's $24,000,000; Favors Equities in Monetary Uncertainty

Wide World

The ex-President's words "have always carried weight with the stock market"

"The words of former President Hoover always have carried weight with the stock market," C. Norman Stabler, Financial Editor of the New York *Herald Tribune* wrote last week.

"For a few months after his inauguration every favorable statement which he issued from Washington was used as a good excuse to push the already top-heavy list to even higher levels.

"Similar statements issued after the break in 1929 had exactly the opposite effect, even to the point where certain leaders of his Party accused Wall Street bears of trying to discredit the President by selling on his announcements.

"Yesterday [Tuesday of last week] the bull market enjoyed another surge upward, and a fair share of the buying was based on the testimony of Mr. Hoover in a California court. . . ."

Supports Petition

The ex-President, Alumnus No. 1 and a Trustee of Stanford University, appeared to testify on a petition by fellow trustees for permission to invest a part of the University endowment in equities.

"For fifty years," Mr. Hoover revealed, "both prudence and wisdom have caused the trustees to invest the endowment, now amounting to some $24,000,000, in seasoned bonds and first mortgages. . . . Common stocks or real-estate or other equities have not been purchased because of the greater risks involved."

But now, he said, "the devaluation of the dollar, the wide-spread bank-credit inflation and the possible menace of currency inflation are the new factors with which the trustees must deal."

Bank-credit inflation, he insisted, had already caused a large drop in interest rates. With many bonds being called, the Trustees could only buy an equivalent investment at lower rates.

Experience in European currency-inflation sprees, Mr. Hoover said, "shows that common stocks and real-estate and other equities ultimately rise in value somewhat in proportion to the increase of devaluation or inflation. While common stocks, real-estate and other equities are subject to risk, yet this may be the lesser risk than bonds and mortgages."

Mr. Hoover's testimony aroused wide interest because many State laws prohibit or restrict investments by life insurance companies, trust funds, and savings banks in equities. And called bonds refunded into securities bearing lower interest rates mean diminished income.

Dr. Walter E. Spahr, Secretary-Treasurer of the Economists' National Committee on Monetary Policy, responded to a query from THE LITERARY DIGEST. The Committee is composed of ninety-four of the nation's outstanding monetary economists.

Hedging Against Inflation

"The testimony of Mr. Hoover regarding the reported petition of the Trustees of Stanford University to employ part of the University's trust funds in common stocks instead of bonds and first mortgages as a hedge against inflation," Doctor Spahr, Professor of Economics at New York University, said, "merely reveals the dangerous condition which surrounds all universities with endowments, all hospitals, all scientific and welfare institutions, the beneficiaries of life-insurance policies, savings depositors.

"Inflationary forces are at work and the responsible officers of these institutions are worried—more so than the public realizes.

"An unfortunate aspect of public warnings and of such testimony as that of Mr. Hoover is that the general public uses them as a basis for rushing into the stock market as a hedge. Then if the inflationary movement is arrested a collapse follows. Thus people are being led into a buying based upon fear of the currency and if this trend is not arrested at once, the possibility of these people being caught in a subsequent collapse increases each day."

Also responding to an inquiry from THE LITERARY DIGEST, Prof. Irving Fisher, Yale economist, found that "the Hoover proposal to permit endowed institutions to invest in common stocks is excellent if duly safeguarded. Over any ten-year period statistics show common stocks profitable.

"The superiority is of course especially great during inflation. In fact, during such periods any mere title to a fixed number of dollars such as a bond or a mortgage generally yields no real gain in terms of purchasing power."

Granting that Mr. Hoover's testimony was in no sense a political statement, the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Ind.-Dem.) decided that the effects of inflation on the income of endowed institutions are well known after the experiences of German and other mid-European institutions with violent inflation in the War and post-War period.

"The desire of Stanford and of other institutions to place a portion of their funds in equities," the newspaper said, "which in time of inflation are likely to appreciate in value and to pay larger returns, in some cases at least, than bonds and mortgages, is thus a natural one.

"But it would be a grave mistake for such institutions or for individuals to assume that common-stock investments are a safe and sound inflation hedge. The records of neither France nor Germany support such an opinion.

"On the contrary, they demonstrate so conclusively that there is no possible means of eliminating the losses and evils of inflation that institutions which have most to lose from unsound monetary and fiscal processes should be employing every resource at their disposal to prevent a repetition in this country of the inflation of continental European nations."

Solomonic Puzzle

The *Wall Street Journal* noted that "King Solomon himself might reasonably 'reserve decision' on such a question, and the Court did so. For underneath the simple question of debts *versus* equities there looms yet another question—what and when is an 'equity'?

"Property in the long run is worth what it can return in real income; actual or prospective return ultimately fixes the price of property. These are times when profits are under popular suspicion.

"Common stock 'equities' in 1900 were one thing and quite another thing—probably—in 1936.

"Besides, what common stocks are there in the top class of dividend payers which at present prices return anything like a liberal yield of income?"

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The Jumping Off Place!

—Cassel in the Brooklyn Daily Eagle

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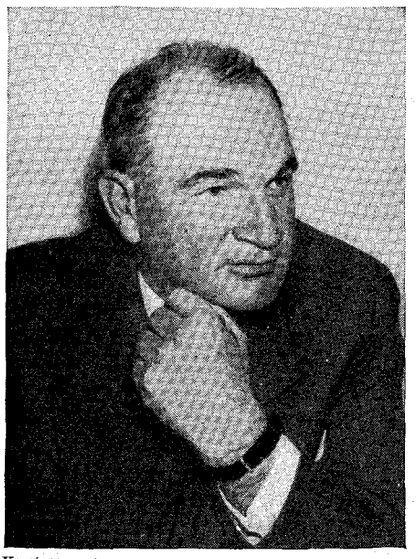
Scientific Studies Called Best Antidote for Sting and Competition of Change; Cutting Operating Costs and Improving Service



Keystone

John J. Pelley: "Railroads don't need coddling and don't want it"

"It is hardly necessary to remark before a transportation gathering such as this one that bad times have been upon the railroads in recent years," declared Dr. C. M. A. Stine, Vice-President of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, Inc.

Doctor Stine, one of the country's leading industrial chemists, spoke last week to the Wilmington Traffic Club and guests representing the principal transportation interests of the nation.

On the previous day the American Association of Railroads laid bare the facts of railroad operation. Class 1 railroads, all the country's largest carriers, showed net operating income of $500,071,924 in 1935, an increase of nearly $35,000,000 over 1934, but twenty-six of the 145 railroads operated at a loss last year.

Doctor Stine pointed out that automobiles and trucks have been blamed for inroads upon railroad revenues; that unfair competition has been charged against the waterways, many aided by the Government; that air-transport has encroached upon business once solely in the railroads' domain.

Yet, he found that in 1900 automobile manufacturing could be called an industry "only by reason of its subsequent development, and not by its merit; then . . . competition with railroads was regarded as such a ridiculous assumption that nobody even broached it. . . .

"Eight great inventions stand out as milestones of railroad progress during the nineteenth century—the telegraph, the sleeping-car, the automatic block-signal system, the air-brake, the refrigerator-car, the automatic car-coupler, the vestibule-buffer, and the electric locomotive. . . .

"Yet, not one of these inventions upon which railway progress was so vitally dependent was originated by a railroad man."

The inventors included an artist, a professor of philosophy, a street contractor, a dry-goods-store clerk, a retired textile manufacturer, a physician, and a schoolteacher.

"Research was the great lack of the railroads, the weakness in their armor," Doctor Stine asserted.

When the first of the Burlington's already famous stream-lined trains went into service in 1934 "it was powered by a Diesel-electric engine built by Winton. . . . Its stream-lining was a development of aviation. The roller-bearings on which spun its wheels had been made by Timken, a noted automotive supplier. And the train itself had been built by Edward G. Budd, an automotive-body and wheel manufacturer, out of stainless steel developed by metallurgical chemists, and given its first wide use in America by Henry Ford. . . .

"Do not misunderstand me. I do not wish to leave the impression that scientific research is the panacea for all railroad ills, but it is the best antidote of which I know for the sting of competition and change—and unquestionably to-day change rules the rails, as it rules all industry and all of us as individuals."

Carriers Defended

Concurrently, John J. Pelley, President of the Association of American Railroads, defended the carriers.

"Railroads are not merely standing at the wailing-wall and crying for help from the outside," he wrote in *Nation's Business*. "They have seen their business drop by about half during the depression, and have been able to bring down their operating expenses in nearly the same proportion, with an actual improvement in their standards of safety and service. . . .

"Railroads don't need coddling, and don't want it. No sovereign remedy is needed to save them. They will save themselves under a public policy which allows them equal opportunity to share in the general development and recovery of business."

Employee Plum of $600,000

In 1837, two ambitious young men, eager to make their fortunes in America, started a small lard and candle business near the Cincinnati stockyards. The Ohio city was then the center of the hog industry, which supplied them with raw materials.

William Procter had toiled at an apprenticeship in the candle business in England. James Gamble brought knowledge from the Irish family of chemists to which he belonged.

The founders of the small new company saw in the oils and fats they were using a new industry—soap. But they faced a vexing problem: thrifty housewives made their own. This stubborn fact kept the soap division of Procter and Gamble in the background for forty years.

When the organizers died, able descendants carried on the business. Their inventive minds devised catchy names for soap products, and penned advertising slogans with a punch (It Floats; 99 and 44/100 per cent. pure; The Soap of Youth).

The new science of advertising poured life-blood into the soap industry.

Leading Producer

The firm now leads the nation in sales of soap, glycerin, and lard substitutes and other foodstuffs made of vegetable oils (Standard Statistics). It is also reputed to be the world's leading producer and consumer of cottonseed-oil. Total net sales were $192,000,000 in 1929, and $148,000,000 in 1935, with a steady margin of profit.

Last week 7,000 cheering employees learned what last year's earnings would give them as a profit-sharing plum. Cincinnati workers gathered in the firm's own huge Music Hall.

To the platform strode the handsome, forceful company President, Richard R. Deupree. He lifted his hand for silence, and announced the good news: $600,000 extra will go to employees out of the 1935 income. But this was not all.

"We shall plan our business for a week's shut-down between July 1 and July 10," his voice boomed, "and give one week's vacation with full pay. This applies to all workers paid by the hour who have been in the company's employ since May 1, 1934."

"The Procter and Gamble Company is an outstanding instance of intelligent and sustained managerial initiative directed toward improvement in economic position and security of the workers in its employment," says Dr. Herbert Feis, David Sinton Professor of Economics at the University of Cincinnati, in his book "Labor Relations."

"It has endeavored to work out a policy of practical justice, inspired by recognition of duty and human kindliness.

"There has been the desire to maintain a democratic relationship within the plant, and one of good-natured, reasonable treatment between man and man."

Keystone

Announcement by Richard R. Deupree: $600,000 and a week's vacation with pay

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Costly Motor-Crash Racket

Third of Total Paid for Insurance Premiums Goes to Fakers of Accidents; Innocent Drivers Victims of Preying Gangs

"The rates you pay for (automobile) insurance," writes William Corbin in the March issue of *American Magazine*, "of course depend on the prevalence of accidents in the local city where you live.

"Broadly speaking, your premium rate is determined by dividing the total insurance claims paid in one year in your district by the number of insured cars in that district."

But in his article, "What We Pay for the Crash Racket," he declares that one-third of the motorist's premium dollar goes to racketeers, one-third to the payment of honest claims, and one-third to the maintenance of insurance companies and agencies.

"While the total payments reflect all accidents which really happen to policyholders," he explains, "they also reflect many accidents which didn't happen at all or were made to appear more serious than they actually were.

Lawyers Involved

"Clever, crooked lawyers have ways of creating liability when there is none. Insurance companies annually pay thousands of dollars to these racketeers. And the bill for damages is included in premiums. . . .

"One afternoon in Chicago last winter, a woman stopped her car to back into a parking place. A moment later the car was rammed from behind. It was not much of a crash, a rear fender was broken. But before she had time to climb out, a man ran up and said breathlessly: 'You've hurt a man pretty badly. Why didn't you signal for a stop.'

Woman Protests

" 'But I did,' she protested. 'I had already stopped when you struck me.'

"A man was hurt. His leg was broken. Ambulance attendants removed him from the back seat of the other car, the front of which was hardly dented. Three passengers in the car, one of them a lawyer, said that the woman had stopped suddenly without signaling. It was a clear case of negligence.

"The victim was a man of good reputation. The insurance company which had covered the 'negligent' car did not question his veracity. It prepared immediately to pay him a substantial claim.

"And then the claimant confessed. He said that on the afternoon of the accident he was host at a cocktail party in his home. He had fallen down the stairs and broken his leg. One of his guests, a soliciting lawyer, was the only witness to the accident.

" 'We can't let this happen,' he cried. 'Nobody's liable.'

Ramming Deliberate

"The lawyer and several of his friends carried the injured man to his car, and drove him to an 'accident.' The driver rammed the first car he saw that looked as if it were owned by a prosperous man.

"But even more costly to policyholders than individual frauds and exaggerated claims," the article continues, "are the insurance racketeers who frame up fake accidents and often collect. . . . They do not prey upon an innocent policyholder's car. They own the cars involved in the accidents which they stage. . . .

"Before one group of accident-fakers was stopped in the cities of the Pacific Northwest, it had collected more than $90,000 in fraudulent claims. . . .

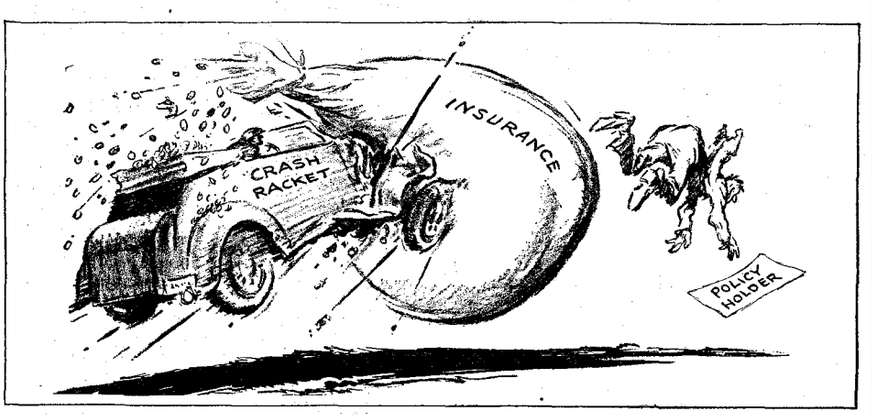
"The method was simple. One of the gang would insure a rattletrap car, registered in his name, for as much liability insurance as he could buy—say, $10,000 for injuring or killing one person, $20,000 for more than one person.

Injuries Simulated

"The leader would then drive the car, laden with friends, to some lonely road in the mountains. Together they would push it from the road, down a steep and rocky slope. When it crashed at the bottom, the leader's companions would strew themselves around it. Some crawled into the wreckage —and lapsed into apparent unconsciousness. . . ."

Beating with rubber hose, superficial cuts, sleeping powders, and dope gave the semblance of injury.

"The rest was simple. The insurance company paid off—in the thousands."



It's the Policyholder Who Is Thrown for a Loss When the Racketeer Crashes Into His Insurance Fund

—*John Cassel in* The American Magazine

COOL & SWEET
TO THE VERY LAST PUFF!

New, patented design makes a happy smoke a *certainty*. Study diagram. Note these features: **1.** Generous size bowl. **2.** Upper cell for *coolness*. **3.** Lower spiral cell cleans smoke—catches all moisture and sludge by gravity. Weighing *only* 1¼ ounces—Airflow handles with balanced ease. Airflow is made of Selected Grain, Imported Algerian Briar. Hand Finished—Airflow is truly a pipemaker's masterpiece. It has no equal.

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The Open Forum

J. P. Morgan

Sir:—J. P. Morgan says that if you destroy the leisure class you destroy civilization. What has that class done to promote civilization? Mr. Morgan should give us a list of useful men and great inventions the idle have given to the world.

He says that a mother with children and household duties has no time to promote civilization. Such a mother gave Abe Lincoln to the world. GEORGE L. PAYNE.
Dallas, Texas.

CCC

Sir:—In regard to the article, "A General Tests the CCC Boys," appearing in a recent issue, I do not agree with the General that the CCC boys are physically inferior to the boys conscripted for the National Army in 1917.

I was in command of a company of CCC boys in Massachusetts in 1934, and comparing them with companies of Soldiers and Marines, they were not inferior physically or otherwise.

I would be more than pleased to get the same men to take the field in case of a National Emergency "with a few weeks' training in the use of firearms." THOMAS F. JOYCE,
Capt. Marine Corps. "Ret."
Occoquan, Virginia.

New System Needed

Sir:—We need to keep our thinking straight as we enter a mud-slinging campaign. Our depression is an economic depression not a governmental one. It is our business system that has failed, not our political life.

That being true all this talk of swinging like a pendulum from Republican Party to Democratic Party and vice versa for the purpose of bringing about prosperity, is pure and unadulterated bunk.

What we need is a new economic system not a shuttlecock from one capitalistic party to another. REV. H. OSCAR STEVENS.
Crown Point, Indiana.

Vote Trend

Sir:—There is now taking place here in Los Angeles County a registration of voters. Every voter must register and declare his party affiliation if he wishes to vote in the next primary and general election. The results to date show 343,378 Democratic to 225,882 Republican. Out of a total of 569,260 voters over sixty per cent indicate that they will vote the Democratic ticket.

This is quite remarkable since California has been considered for many years as a strong Republican State. About one-half of the voters in the county have now been registered and the indications are inescapable that President Roosevelt will carry the State by an overwhelming majority. WILL BROWN.
Glendale, California.

Political Widows

Sir:—The common practise of appointing the widow to a political office made vacant by the death of her husband, is not chivalry—it's evidence of our stupidity. In too many instances, the appointee lacks the qualification and ability necessary to perform the required duties of that office. Consequently, the duties are neglected, or some fellow employee assumes the responsibilities. That is certainly not in keeping with the principles of efficient government.

To sympathetic individuals, this procedure offers an honorable cloak for charity. But should we be blinded by sympathy? Is it necessary to sacrifice the general welfare, in order to pamper one individual with a false sense of security?

Common sense reasoning says, No! Yet, when a pound-master, or Senator dies, his office generally becomes the personal property of his widow. Public office should be a trust for public service rendered. WAE GEE.
Denver.

Czechoslovakia

Sir:—My letter of January 11 created the exact opposite impression from that which I had intended.

When I stated that Eduard Benes is ruler of the Slovaks as well as the Czechs, I meant to emphasize primarily that the Slovaks are a distinct nationality; co-partners with their brother Czechs in the mutual state of Czechoslovakia.

When Consul General Jindrich Starch of Czechoslovakia says that the inhabitants of Czechoslovakia are "all Czechoslovakians irrespective of language," he is not saying the exact truth. Irishmen, who live in Ireland, do not call themselves Englishmen, nor do Englishmen, nor do Scotchmen, who live in Scotland, tho they are citizens of Great Britain.

Because the Slovak nation is so small, very little attention has been paid it; it has been kicked around like a ball by various nations, and now, after so many years of tyrannic oppression, it can but weakly resist the unjust advances of "Czechoslovaks." Nevertheless, the fact remains, and will remain, that a Slovak is a Slovak, and will remain a Slovak until Irishmen and Scotchmen become Englishmen. JOSEPH A. SELIGA.
Chicago.

Perfection

Sir:—THE LITERARY DIGEST is as important to me as my pipe; it has a personality that I am greatly attached to.

To be perfect, however: Please give us at least one page each issue on the Great Rocky Mountain region.

In other words, we of the West want to be recognized by our favorite magazine. J. H. ANDERSON.
DuBois, Wyoming.

Baldwin Cover

Sir:—Mr. C. E. Rurit in a recent "Open Forum," referring to your cover photograph of Stanley Baldwin, shows extremely bad taste in his remarks about the inferiority of my countrymen.

I am certain, and I think most of your readers will indorse my statement, that he is not voicing the opinion of the average cultured American.

I remain, an Englishman who can appreciate my American friends, without considering them superior beings. JOHN STEEL.
Bingley, England.

Woollcott

Sir:—Re Fred E. Lott's letter in the "Open Forum," February 1 issue—My, my, what a pity that any one with a radio has missed a single Woollcott broadcast. KATHRYN D. NEWCOMB.
Great Neck, New York.

For Peace

Sir:—Here is a good idea: Let our State Department persuade Abyssinia to offer Italy any amount of money the latter might feel sufficient as an inducement to back out of the country. The debt thus assumed by Abyssinia to be taken over by the United States, the latter charging whatever the amount might be to Italy, over against what Italy owes the United States.

Thus the Abyssinians would be rid of the Italians. The Italians would receive an indemnity which would satisfy their pride. The Abyssinians would owe the United States, and tho we probably would never collect the debt, we would be no worse off than we are now. And then again Abyssinia might pay up. They have never owed us anything, so we do not know. W. A. CODDINGTON.
Portland, Oregon.

"Ah, There!"

—*Hutton in the* Philadelphia Inquirer

Smith-Robinson

Sir:—In replying to Alfred E. Smith's address to Liberty League, Senator Robinson states, "I shall prove that you have advocated and championed every basic principle that has been written into law by the Roosevelt Administration."

What if he did at one time approve of them?

After witnessing the results of their operation the past three years, evidently Al has become a believer in that old adage, viz: "The wise man changeth his mind, the fool never." C. E. MIDDLETON.
Sioux City, Iowa.

Townsend

Sir—I was disgusted with the first two letters on the Townsend Plan in a recent issue. The writers of these letters should find out what is proposed in this plan before accepting its issues.

How is the Government to raise the money for the $200-a-month annuity? Of course, the answer is "By a two per cent. tax on all transactions." The total transactions in the year 1934 were 600 billions. A two per cent. tax on all this would be twelve billions. The total required for the Plan is $19,000,000,000.

From where is the other $7,000,000,000 to come? Perhaps the advocates of the Plan made the mistake of figuring the annuities on the transactions for 1929 (the dates look so much alike) when transactions equaled $1,200,000,000,000.
Osage City, Kansas. ROSCOE BORN.

Sir:—Two-thirds of the voters of Texas are for the Townsend Plan, because it will "lower taxes" and "balance budgets" by taking the problem of caring for the "wreckage of business" off our Government, and place it back on business where it belongs. It will substitute opportunity for gainful, prosperous employment in industry, instead of present governmental doles and other alphabetical activities. D. R. JAMERSON.
Dallas, Texas.

Sir:—As an old subscriber to your valuable magazine I wish to thank you for the unbiased manner in which you have given publicity to the Townsend Old Age Pension Plan.

Youth for work, and age for leisure is the only workable plan so far presented that can cope with our unemployment problem.
Auburn, California. L. L. LUKENS.

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Current Events

(Seven Days of History)

February 7.—One person frozen to death while attempting to take food and supplies to marooned residents of Smith and Tangier Islands in ice-clogged Chesapeake Bay, near Washington; Coast Guardsmen rescue others.

Welfare Island Penitentiary officially closed after serving for 110 years; prison, on island in East River, New York City, will be replaced by modern hospital; inmates taken to new $12,000,000 penitentiary on Riker's Island.

Four men arrested and $10,000 worth of narcotics seized as "G men" smash "biggest narcotic ring in the Southwest"; arrests made at Houston and Galveston, Texas; ring also was powerful in other cities of Texas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, and Arkansas.

Executive officers of United Mine Workers of America refuse salary increases voted them by Washington Convention.

February 8.—Charles Curtis, Vice President of United States during Hoover Administration, dies of heart disease at home of his sister, Mrs. Edward Everett Gann, in Washington; he was seventy-six years old.

Sixteen hundred and fifty gallons of milk, condemned as adulterated by Department of Health officials, dumped into East River, New York City; had been sent to distributing plant in Brooklyn from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

President Roosevelt, speaking over a national radio network, praises work and training of Boy Scouts of America in celebration of twenty-sixth anniversary of organization.

Thousands of birds, rabbits, deer, and other game facing starvation in six northern New Jersey counties fed as two National Guard planes scatter food contributed by sporting clubs and business men.

February 9.—Gov. Paul V. McNutt of Indiana lifts martial law in Sullivan and Vigo Counties; Sullivan County had been under military control since October 9, 1933, and Vigo County since July 22 last.

Young Republicans of New Jersey pledge support to Gov. Harold G. Hoffman in intraparty conflict over leadership; condemn "Old Guard" leaders as seeking to usurp his power.

Father Charles E. Coughlin of Detroit, bars candidates for Congress from membership in his National Union for Social Justice and local office-holders or "politicians" from holding any office in the Union.

A camera which detects and records the first small "explosions" of arteries in human body announced by Cleveland Clinic Foundation of Cleveland, Ohio; valuable in detecting changes in arteries, especially hardening, common among old persons.

February 10.—Seven C.C.C. youths rescued by Coast Guardsmen after having been adrift on ice in Cape Cod Bay for twenty-three hours; all suffering from frost-bitten hands and feet.

Mrs. Rose McConnell Long sworn in as United States Senator from Louisiana by Vice President John N. Garner.

Supreme Court unanimously invalidates Louisiana newspaper tax on ground that it abridged freedom of the press.

President Roosevelt approves plan to pick young advisers for National Youth Administration from winners of an essay contest covering timely questions on education, business, and government.

Capt. Edgar S. McLellan disappears from the army transport, *Republic*, of which he was skipper, as vessel approaches San Francisco on voyage from Honolulu; official inquiry ordered.

February 11.—Dame Laura Knight, well-known painter of scenes of the theater, dressing-room, ballet, and circus, appointed to the Royal Academy in London; she is first woman appointed a Royal Academician since it was founded 167 years ago.

Four WPA workers killed near Gary, Indiana, as train hits automobile in which they were riding.

Affiliated Broadcasting Company, getting charter at Springfield, Illinois, lists Samuel Insull as its President; company will operate chain of small stations in Mid-west.

February 12.—Democrats and Republicans join in move for thorough House investigation of Townsend Plan and all other old-age pension plans and schemes; methods of raising money for backing and advertising to be investigated.

Ten persons killed, five missing, as fire destroys Victoria Mansion Hotel at Lakewood, New Jersey.

Tornadoes strike four southern California cities, injuring six persons, unroofing houses, uprooting trees, toppling oil derricks, and starting fires; cities of Long Beach, Alhambra, South Pasadena, and Torrance share $100,000 property damage.

Six persons lose lives, thirty-nine others injured, as fire destroys Chinese restaurant in New York City and 150 panic-stricken guests rush for exits.

February 13.—First Social Security checks to aid the aged, the blind, and dependent children mailed by Treasury Department forty-eight hours after signing of Deficiency Appropriation Act which included first appropriations for Social Security Board.

Two high officers of Bureau of Navigation and Steamboat Inspection suspended in row over safety at sea methods; charged with insubordination, they in turn accuse "higher-ups" of blocking safety measures.

New Jersey's high-school pupils to receive course in safe automobile driving under direction of State Department of Education and Motor Vehicle Department, beginning next September; decision reached at conference of school officials and traffic experts at Trenton.

A Red Rebukes Father

Chiang Chin-ko, son of General Chiang Kai-shek, China's arch-foe of communism, was sent to Russia in 1926 to study. Last week, in an open letter to the Leningrad *Pravda*, he proclaimed himself a full-fledged communist and repudiated his father as "the enemy of the whole people and therefore the implacable enemy of his son." He denounced his father for exploiting and slaying Chinese laborers.

Chiang Chin-ko wrote that after studying in various schools until 1930, he entered a Soviet plant as a worker. He advanced until now he is head of a department with 4,000 workers under him.

"Your son," he writes, "is wealthy in knowledge of human life and the methods of liberating exploited, oppressed humanity. Your son has found the road to a new life and will never go back home to drag out there the miserable existence of a timid weapon in the hands of a mountebank father.

"Don't you remember, Mother, how he dragged you by the hair from the second floor? Whom did you implore on your knees not to throw you out of the house? Wasn't it he? Who drove my grandmother to the grave by beatings and insults? Wasn't it he?"

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Furnas—Yale scientist and author—like "old faithful" in the cellar: *furnace.*

Gabor — Metropolitan barytone—as if spelled *gah'bor.*

Hichens—journalist and novelist—rimes perfectly with *kitchens.*

Kappel — Metropolitan soprano—a rime with *apple.*

Maule—wrote *She Strives to Conquer*—just one syllable; *mawl.*

Michaelis—medical research worker—the German *ch,* and four syllables: *mich-ah-ay'liss.*

Nankivell—artist—rimes with *shrivel: nan-kiv'el.*

Millo Picco — barytone — the full name is *meel'lo pee'ko.*

Quarles — Washington attorney — *quar* as in *quart;* or, *quarls.*

Vettori—dramatic soprano—roll the *r,* and call her *vay'to-rree.*

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The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

His Own Method. — OLD LADY—"I wouldn't cry like that, my little man."

BOY—"Cry as you damn please; this is my way."—*Owl.*

Tactful. — FIRST CLERK — "Have you and your boss ever had any differences of opinion?"

SECOND DITTO — "Yes, but he doesn't know it!"—*Central of Georgia Magazine.*

The Way of Fame.—AUTHOR—"Well, sir, the upshot of it was that it took me ten years to discover that I had absolutely no talent for writing literature."

FRIEND—"You gave up?"

AUTHOR—"Oh, no; by that time I was too famous."—*Valdosta Times.*

Euphonious, Too. — "Yassah," said the little colored boy, "Ise named for my parents. Daddy's name was Ferdinand, and Mammy's name was Liza."

"What's your name, then?"

"Ferdiliza." — *The Log (U. S. Naval Academy).*

Makes a Difference.—PASSENGER—"Have I time to say good-bye to my wife?"

PORTER—"I don't know, sir; how long have you been married?"—*Troy (N. Y.) Times-Record.*

Deceptive.—"What are those queer-looking statues over there?" asked the visitor to the city.

"Those aren't statues," said the Londoner. "They are workmen busy on one of the new government jobs."—*Answers (London).*

Quite Different.—The banker was questioning the Negro applicant for a chauffeur's job.

"Are you married?" the banker asked.

"Nawsah, boss," replied the applicant, "nawsah; Ah makes mah own livin'."—*Wall Street Journal.*

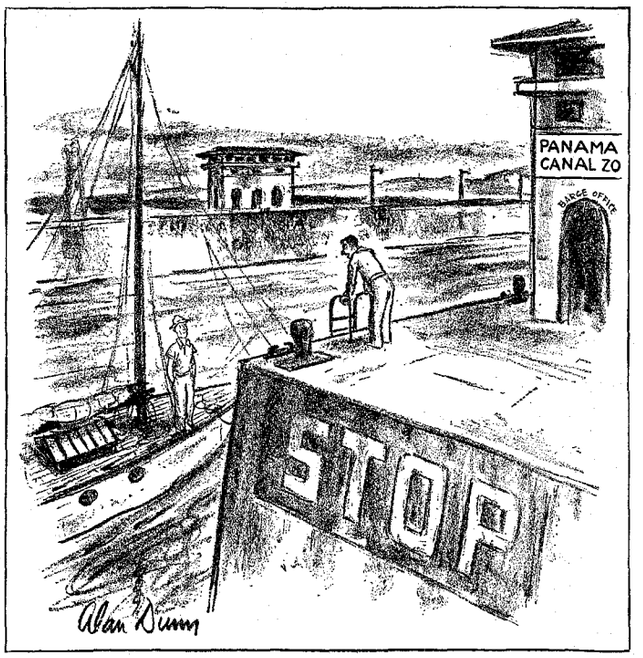
His the Lighter Task.—A kind old gentleman, seeing a small boy who was carrying a lot of newspapers, said:

"Don't all those papers make you tired, my boy?"

"Naw, I don't read 'em," replied the lad. —*Windsor Magazine.*

Automatic.—"Why did you tear the back part out of that new book?" asked the long-suffering wife of the absent-minded doctor.

"Excuse me, dear," said the famous surgeon, "the part you speak of was labeled 'Appendix' and I took it out without thinking."—*Evening Standard (London).*



"We'll Have to Go Round the Horn. They Won't Take a Check." —*Alan Dunn in* The New Yorker

Gradual Progress.—VICTIM—"Hey, that wasn't the tooth I wanted pulled."

DENTIST—"Calm yourself, I'm coming to it!"—*Cornell Widow.*

Silly Question. — TRAMP — "Could you spare me something for a cup of coffee?"

SCOTSMAN — "Hoots, mon! D'e think I carry lumps o' sugar around in my pockets?"—*The Nor'west Farmer.*

Voyageur.—VISITOR—"How far is it to Washington?"

NATIVE — "Wa'al, I don't rightly know, but I'll call Eph. Eph'll know. He's traveled all over. He's got shoes."—*Windsor Daily Star.*

Tough Luck. — TOURIST (having looked over historic castle, to butler) — "We've made a stupid mistake. I tipped his lordship instead of you."

BUTLER—"That's awkward, I'll never get it now."—*Dodo.*

Limited Stock.—A customer entered the shop of a cockney bookseller and requested a copy of "Omar Khayyam."

"Sorry, sir," replied the shopkeeper. "We 'ave 'is Hilliad and 'is Hodyssey, but we 'aven't 'is Khayyam."—*Wall Street Journal.*

Slips That Pass in the Type

Stout Fellow.—C—— L. M——, 52, told police two men had assaulted and eaten him.—*Hartford (Conn.) paper.*

Authoritative Opinion.—Part of the jaw said he felt better and was ready to get to work.—*Wheeling (W. Va.) paper.*

New Breed.—DOG—Lady's small gold Elgin, open face, back embossed with 2 sml. diamonds. 1 mo. ago. Rew. WY. 0596. —*Los Angeles paper.*

High Time.—
U. S. SCIENTISTS
TO VISIT AMERICA
—*Ann Arbor (Mich.) paper.*

Pretty Bad Off, Anyway.—The two dead Negro convicts the guards dragged from the death trap were pronounced by physicians in such condition that neither could live.—*Rochester (N. Y.) paper.*

Back to the Ox-Cart.—Following Transit Commission approval yesterday of all petitions looking toward the reorganization of New York Railways Corp. into heavy native steers at 15c.—*New York paper.*

Fruit From Flowers. — Every home should have an orchid large enough to supply the family needs with all kinds of fruits for fresh consumption and canning purposes.—*Center (Colo.) paper.*

Petty Revenge.—The motorist ran into a live wife, which blew the lights of his car, and then he sped away.—*Atlanta (Ga.) paper.*

Powerful Pussy.—The cat picks up the house in its mouth, carries it upstairs or around the house but never harms it.—*Terre Haute (Ind.) paper.*

All Steamed Up.—Pumping of steam from a threshing machine engineer has been continuous for several days and probably will be continued.—*Council Bluffs (Ia.) paper.*

Our Curiosity Is Aroused.—I was collected by an expert in France over a period of many months and would fill the shelves of an average perfume shop.—*Palm Beach (Fla.) paper.*

Tasty Table.—Eight of Miss D—— R——'s school friends surprized her Monday night on her 15th birthday. The table was decorated in pink and white icing.—*Hilton (N. Y.) paper.*

What Is So Rare . . . ?—
COMING TO
THE
METROPOLITAN
WEEK OF
FEB. 31
—*Houston (Tex.) paper.*

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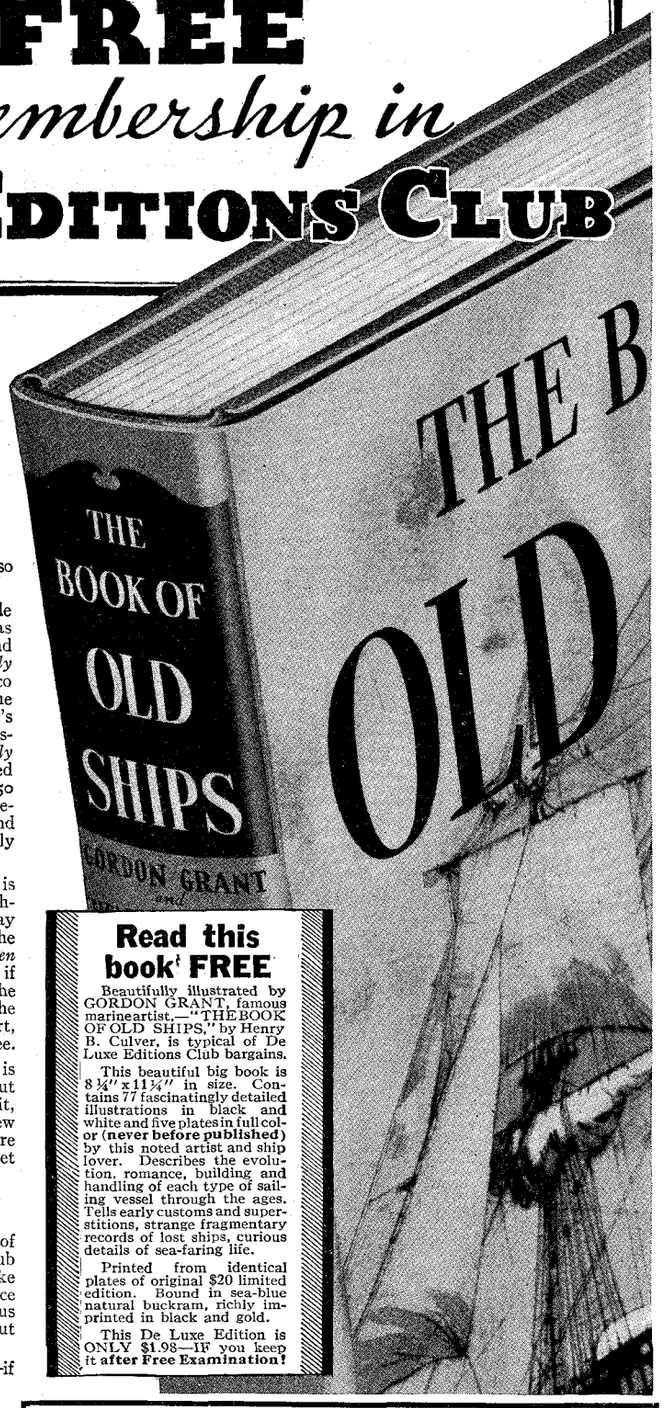

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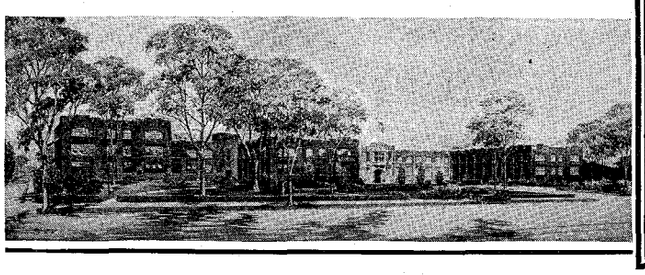
At right: De Luxe Editions Club colophon—hallmark of craftsmen now creating these fine books. Below: A glimpse of the landscaped acres of Country Life Press—where De Luxe Editions are printed—with fountains, pools, flower beds, known the world over as "the most beautiful publishing community in America."



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